

# THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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## Moods of New York.

By JOHN W. HARDING.

### I.

**T**HERE is no twilight in New York—no twilight as in the fatherlands of the masses of its hybrid population, where darkness dallies with lingering light, where, caressingly, “night binds with her hair the eyes of day.” The lustrous gloom of even deepens quickly. The teeming city, tired of toil, strenuous still in its rest and in its pleasure, springs resplendent with myriad dazzling gems to forestall the subdued glitter of the firmament.

The evening parure of New York is a splendid radiance of golden chrysolites and white, liquid brilliants, with here and there the sanguine splash of a ruby and here and there an emerald.

There is no place for that moon whose light from all time has been melody to lovers. The gentle regent of the heavens peeps shyly, abashed, from a girdle of pearl and slants her refulgence athwart the responsive sombre, though light-rimmed harbor, flecking with quivering silver “the million poutings of the brine” along the fringe of the outermost shores. In the city a thousand garish moons outshine her, and lovers seek the glare of the fire that Prometheus attempted to snatch from the chariot of the sun, to be punished for his presumption with torment unimaginable.

Below the gazer looking out from the high eminence of the Times building, itself a beacon shaft that rises sheer from the island's pulsing heart, a river of gold and argent sheen bends southward. It is the great glowing artery of the pleasure-loving metropolis, about which swarm countless human moths attracted from the homes of all the winds to be dazzled, blissfully blinded for a space, or caught in the swell of the molten current, morally singed, physically scorched, hopelessly charred, perhaps, and drifted away to where the glow narrows and deadens into the ultimate blackness.

Between the banks of convergent luminosity glimmers a long procession of tiny lights. These flash in and out, flit hither, thither, circle, flutter, are eclipsed and reappear, like restless, fussy fireflies; and amid them, following unerringly the contours of the banks, majestic comets glide.

To right and left, running longitudinally through the maze invisible or vaguely defined where Manhattan's denizens hive, stretch other luminous veins, asparkle with pure diamonds these and mathematically aligned. East, West, North and South, criss-cross-wise, the sable labyrinth is ribboned with gold and silver, spangled with precious squares of the Pectoral flung broadcast, haphazard, by an unseen power.

Southward glistens a great palace of jasper. Beyond it lurid patches of canary sapphire, rising tier on tier, zigzag, uncertain, fantastic outlines as of a city on a hill—a mysterious Bagdad, conjured from the Arabian Nights by gigantic genii of dread aspect at the bidding of the beholder, at the rubbing of a ring.

A pencil of light darts upward and downward, to and fro, probing with its puny ray the blue-black depth of the infinite void.

A trail of amber planets, surmounted by a meteor of blood-red garnets, shivers and undulates as though shrinking from the kiss of the passing breeze.

A triple tiara of topazes stands out high and clear in space above a triangle of jacinth. Other topazes, in ropes, form festoons and pillars and worlds.

In the East two rows of magnificent diminishing pearls arch the night, their clasps lost to view in the setting of jet; and, seeming to have dripped from their melting splendor, a few scattered jewels glimmer faintly beneath them.

To the West gondolas of peridots pass slowly along a vast bank of twinkling stars, man-made also, piled in heaps, piled in mountains, spreading outward to the confines of the shadow.

And the stars of God blink down upon the magic scene, palely, unheeded, their everlasting glory dimmed.

## II.

Rolling bank on bank the sea-fog piles in from the ocean, leaving its semiluculent whiteness upon the hushed waters. It reaches up to the sky and borrows its low-hung grayness; takes from the belching factories in the Kill von Kull and along New Jersey's river shore their black and sepia clouds and settles down upon New York a yellow, chill, dispiriting pall.

A wail of pain swells into a scream long drawn out, terrifying, as of a huge creature in agony unbearable. It reverberates along the water front in muffled cadence and an answering monster sends forth a startled bellow. In a moment the blind air is torn with all the noises of the Pit.

The gasp, the gurgling rale, the moan, the plaint, the sigh mingle their minor cacophony with a fearsome chorus of shrieks and raucous roarings.

The rivers sob their grief to the lamenting fenders in the slips.

Lugubriously the ferry bell tolls its signal knell. The malign wraiths of the mist intercept it and bear it landward away from the questing boats: Dong!—with a dreariness beyond all depicting. Dong!—with a monotony that exasperates every nerve. Dong!——Dong!

At the piers, dock weary, ready to go, their funnels whimpering with impatience, a hundred steamships heave wistfully at the beck of the tide they dare not follow; and the smoking flood swings on to harry the craft groping bewildered about the bay.

Over the city the fog loosens out its mantle, thins its distorting veil that it may sport with the opalescent light at the impulse of its caprice, hiding it, pursuing it, fleeing from it, casting shadows that shift and change and produce whimsical effects, bizarre illusions.

It eddies and twists and tumbles in the sky scraper district among the towers of dream castles. It wreathes with diaphanous garlands the domes and spires of ghostly pantheons. Tantalizingly, with grudging largesse, it grants glimpses of temples and palaces that pass in swift changing aerial landscapes, prodigious, Brobdignagian.

In the streets the mist-dew is upon all things. It beads with its claminess coping, wire and tree. It streaks down murky facades. It drips to mingle with the dankness of the pavements and of the sodden roads.

Through the gloom hurrying phantoms come and go. Chariots of weird form drawn by mammoths, juggernauts of the Occident impelled by a hidden force, pass in chaotic array, lumbering, slipping amid the din of gongs.

At last blurred, jaundiced, bereft of its rays, a light peers out. A white radiance with a nimbus of mother-o'-pearl follows it curiously, not to be de-

nied. Other lights appear, and the fog, its playtime over, dissolves in a tired drizzle that soaks its ennui and tristfulness into man's very soul.

### III.

Apparelled as a bride to greet the dawn the city rises smiling in a wealth of dainty lace and draperies of shimmering white.

Behind the curtain of the night sprites from the realms of eternal snow, scurrying between the worlds with the Frost King's coursier winds, tarried to adorn her. They snatched a train of pearls from the Milky Way; they showered filched diamonds from the jewel casket of the heavens, emptied the Wain of its dazzling load, rained living silver from the treasure of the Moon; and the Sun, delighted, completed their labor of love with a magnificence truly godlike, as behooved the deity of day, pouring out his gold in an unending flood.

Everything is instinct with life and beauty.

The trees, their nakedness new clad, cease to mourn their summer verdure and mingle their finery in a forest of inexhaustible enchantments.

Dwarfed amid the temples of commerce upon whose grim massiveness scarce a stalactite glistens, church steeples, spotless as the robes of the Cherubim, point the gazer to the sky in mute, useless reminder that the worship of Mammon is vanity.

Plumes of fleecy vapor flutter against the azure or fleck the vari-toned background of buildings.

The sunlight dances on minarets, columns and cupolas rivalling those of the New Jerusalem, brushes with wide sweeps colors borrowed from the twelve precious stones of the Celestial City's wall.

Now it burnishes the gilded dome of an Invalides. Now it touches a mosque from Turkey. Now it lightens the yellow ochre of an East Side slum transplanted from Naples with its purple shadows, blue sky and luminous atmosphere, so that the offending juxtaposition if a pink fichu and violet skirt in combination seems natural, nay, adds to the picturesqueness of the corner.

It searches out the vermilion wall of an unsightly tenement; plays upon the quiet red of an Elizabethan chateau; throws into conspicuous relief an Italian Renaissance front, a gray Gothic portico, an Erechtheum.

And encircling all, the broad rivers reflect the turquoise hue of the sky and carry it, faded by distance, till it merges with the cloth of gold spread upon the slate tints in the bay.



## Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

### I.—THE NEW BRITISH PREMIER.

By MAURICE TALL

**N**OT because of any extraordinary talents did he succeed, but because he had a capacity on a level for business and not above it."

These words of Tacitus may be applied with aptness to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who has just assumed the great historic office of Prime Minister of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

There is nothing brilliant about Sir Henry. He is no master of rhetoric. The keen disconcerting shafts of wit and sarcasm that scintillated in the discourses of a Beaconsfield or a Salisbury, that flash in those of his immediate predecessor, Mr. Arthur Balfour, are lacking in his speeches. In addressing the House of Commons he plunges at once into the middle of his subject, says what he has to say in terse, simple periods unadorned by any excursions into the primrose path of imagery, and eschews repartee. He is a man who commands the respect of his followers and administrative associates by his hard common sense, good humor, dogged perseverance—Scotch obstinacy some call it—and business ability; and it is the possession of these qualities that enabled him to keep together a demoralized and divided party through one of the most discouraging periods in all its history, and to lead it, after many years of wandering, out of the wilderness into the land of promise.

This taking possession by the Liberal party was quite in keeping with the particular talents of its Moses. There was

nothing spectacular about it. There were no assaults, escalades, breaching of walls and rushing of bridges. Its advent excited no enthusiasm in the British public or trepidation in the European chancelleries. It simply walked into the vacated country, gazed about it with a mild surprise not unmingled with a certain awkwardness at finding itself there and wondered vaguely what it ought to do, or rather what its Moses could and would do.

The Unionist party had been in power continuously for more than a decade and practically for a score of years. The nation was tired of it. Dry rot had got in its insidious work and its effects were showing plainly. The change would have come sooner—much sooner—but for the Boer war and the critical situation abroad before the Japanese Jack the Giant Killer pushed over the Colossus with feet of clay—the fierce-looking bewhiskered giant that for half a century had towered menacingly above intimidated Europe, which wotted not of the palsy that shook the uplifted mailed fist and the weakness of the "understandings" propped in the great high, spurred boots.

Within a few months the entire political face of the world has been changed, to the profit principally of the British empire. The Russian bogey has been laid at rest for many a year to come. The last of the large assortment of differences with France has been settled and the "traditional enemy" has become the natural friend and tacit ally. These

seriously menacing factors disposed of, Britain has been able to reorganize and redistribute her great fleets to her advantage in a manner that two short years ago the most optimistic Jingo would not have taken into consideration in his most roseate dreams.

During the tension of the past eight years every ship in commission in the King's navy was kept ready, even to its war paint, for action on the tick of the telegraph. Numerous mighty battleships formed the nucleus of squadrons wherever possibility of danger lay. Now a chain of swift cruiser divisions in touch around the world suffice for any possible emergency and the battleships have been concentrated in home waters. So that whatever eventuality may arise from the delicate situation that has grown out of the quarrel between France and Germany over the question of Morocco will find Great Britain more than ready to meet it. It is this preparedness of the British navy that may be relied upon perhaps more than any other factor to curb the domineering and aggressive tendencies of Germany in her dealings with the republic; for it is fully realized by the Kaiser and his advisers that France's insular friend, being beyond the possibility of attack on land, would welcome the chance to sweep from the seven seas the fighting and commercial craft of her hated trade rival, and that there would be nothing remotely problematical about the outcome of the sweeping process.

The safety of the nation abroad being assured, Britons were able to view a change of ministry with unwonted equanimity. The country as a whole, though acquiescing in the change that had come to be regarded as wholesomely desirable and for which it had been fully prepared, was not for this reason inclined to welcome the Liberals with enthusiasm. In fact, the curiosity as to what the Liberals would do was not keen enough to mask the dubiousness their advent inspired. "Little Englanders" and "Home Rulers" still are terms that grate harshly on the vast majority of British ears. The visible supply of talent in the Liberal ranks was not calculated to cause the

stock of the party to appreciate to any extent in the public estimation. Lord Rosebery, brilliant, but disappointing, from whom great things once had been expected, yet who failed of achievement when he seemed to have embarked at the flood upon that tide which was to lead him on to the fortune of a great reputation, had gone out of his way to dissociate himself from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and all his works. Sir Charles Dilke, a statesman whose worth and weight are not open to question, but whose transgression of the conventions in a distant past would seem to have left a lingering blight, was passed over. The biased opposition press appeared for once to echo the general sentiment, when it warned the new Premier that all his ministry reasonably could hope for from public opinion was indulgent toleration.

It was recognized that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman himself was thoroughly equipped for carrying on the business of administration. He had a working knowledge of all its departments. He had been Financial Secretary to the War Office, Secretary to the Admiralty, Chief Secretary for Ireland and Secretary of State for War. His choice of colleagues for his Cabinet was conceded to be judicious. His selection of John Burns for the important post of head of the Local Government Board, thus conferring upon him the distinction of being the first labor leader in the kingdom to attain to ministerial rank, was undeniably popular. But what was the programme of policy this ardent Home Ruler was prepared to set before the country?

This programme he outlined on December 21 at a mass meeting in London held under the auspices of the Liberal Federation. He upset the calculations of the Irish Nationalists and of his opponents inside and outside of his party by begging the question in the remark that "those domestic affairs which concern the Irish only and not ourselves should, as opportunity offers, be placed in their hands." His announcement that the fiscal question was to be the main issue had been fully discounted. He occasioned quite a

sensation by his bold announcement that the government had decided to stop the importation of Chinese coolies into South Africa until such time as the matter could be decided by a South African Parliament elected by a popular vote. This was tackling a vexed question and held out promise of the new Premier's desire to do things. This manifestation of energy was reinforced by the expression in a general way of a determination to traverse most of the domestic acts of the late government, though just what this implies is not clear in the absence of specification. As a matter of course and

of duty he shouted the time honored war cry of his party, "Retrenchment," and declared himself for a complete system of government by the people for the good of the greatest number, a slogan moss covered also, but having all the quality of the freshness of revival in British official utterance.

The astonishingly decisive result of the elections shows that the country is much impressed by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's showing and willing to give him the fullest opportunity of proving what he can do.

## II.—A LIBERAL VIEW OF THE NEW MINISTRY

(From the Speaker.)

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has contrived, within a week of his receiving the King's invitation, to form a Government that has been received with general respect. Even the "Times"—if it has reverted from the insolence of patronage to the insolence of abuse in speaking of the Prime Minister, who was disobliging enough to reject its officious advice—can find nothing worse to say than that the new Ministry has created no "effervescent delight." Some of the retiring Ministers have been generous in their praises, and they have witnessed to the high respect which the Prime Minister enjoys and to his success in the arrangements and dispositions he has made for office. Few, indeed, will deny that the new Government promises, from individual abilities and reputations, to take a high place among Administrations.

One of the reasons why we argued from the first that the Liberal leader should accept office was our confidence that his Government would gain rather than lose by a comparison with its predecessors. It would tax the faith of the most fanatical of Tory partisans to believe that the country is not offered a more capable Ministry than the one of which Mr. Balfour's resignation has deprived it. And if Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government is one of the most capable, it is undoubtedly the most democratic of all the Governments that have ever been

formed. This is, in our opinion, a sovereign virtue, and we cannot forbear to reiterate our pleasure that the Liberal leader, obeying his own instinct rather than the interested suggestions of others, has refused to dash the satisfaction of his party and to temper the democratic flavor of his Government by leaving the House of Commons. The House of Lords is an ill place for a Liberal Prime Minister.

All Governments are marked by unfortunate and inevitable omissions, and this Government is no exception. The chief omission, of course, is Lord Spencer, whose great qualities of mind and character will be sadly missed in the first Liberal Government that has held office since the most violent reaction of modern times against those aims and impulses of Liberalism to which Lord Spencer was never found wanting. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice would have filled one or two offices with distinction, and his omission from the Government is to be followed, we regret to see, by his retirement from Parliament. Mr. Edmund Robertson and Mr. Thomas Shaw are both politicians whom we should have liked to see included in the Cabinet, if health and private wishes had made it possible. Another public man who would have added distinction to the Government and weight to its counsels is Mr. Leonard Courtney. But if there are some obvious and regrettable omissions, there is very little

fault to be found with the composition of the Ministry. It represents, by common consent, the entire range of Liberalism. The term could scarcely cover less of a Liberal than Mr. Haldane or more of a Liberal than Mr. Burns.

Mr. Haldane's appointment to the War Office is in many ways a good one. We should have preferred to see Sir William Butler or Sir George Clarke in that department, but if it was thought inadvisable to go outside the ordinary field of choice, Mr. Haldane possesses certain conspicuous advantages. No man enjoys work more or is better fitted for the arduous corvée of a very difficult department. Our chief misgiving about the appointment arises out of the social difficulties that beset the task of reform. We doubt whether Mr. Haldane is enough of a democrat to face the hostility that any Minister must invite if he goes to the root of the trouble about the army. The Admiralty is in competent hands, and Lord Tweedmouth will have the great advantage of Mr. Robertson's help in the office Lord Shuttleworth held ten years ago. Mr. Morley goes to the India Office, which has become the centre of very significant controversies that invest the department with a special importance. Sir Edward Grey was generally expected to become either Foreign Minister or Colonial Minister, and it was understood that Mr. Asquith would become Chancellor of the Exchequer, an office which he is by general admission particularly well fitted to fill. Sir Robert Reid will make a good and a democratic Lord Chancellor.

The Cabinet contains scarcely any surprises, for the name of Lord Elgin, who has been chiefly engaged in public work of a non-controversial kind since he returned from India, had been included long ago in speculative lists of Cabinets. Eighteen months ago when, in common with many of our contemporaries, we were drawing up imaginary governments, we assigned the Foreign Office to him. It was doubtful whether Lord Ripon's age would allow him to join another Cabinet, but every Liberal will hear with great satisfaction that this veteran

and sincere reformer is to be one of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's colleagues. Mr. Herbert Gladstone has always been sympathetic to the new Labor party, and he will be aided at the Home Office by a painstaking subordinate in Mr. Samuel. A special word of gratitude is due to Mr. Bryce, who has shown great public spirit in accepting the Irish Secretaryship. His tenure of that office is a guarantee that the Government will have a genuine Irish policy. Mr. Birrell is an excellent choice for the Education Department. His mind is essentially unsectarian, and he will bring a large and prudent spirit to bear on a difficult problem.

The chief interest of the Government is perhaps its break with the traditions of the past. Mr. Burns's promotion to Cabinet office had been commonly expected, and it is not, therefore, a surprise in the sense that M. Millerand's inclusion in a French Ministry was a surprise and stimulus to French politics. But that does not alter the fact that it is an appointment of great significance and wisdom. The old aristocratic, proprietary arrangements for government are breaking down, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will be able to claim an important share in that essential work of destruction. Mr. Burns takes into office a great reputation for sterling independence, for real courage, for a wide and spacious view of the problems of life and government. He is the first Labor member to become a Cabinet Minister, and no man could be better representative of the virtues and energies of democracy. We have great hopes that Mr. Burns will make of the Local Government Board a real power for the mitigation of bad government and social abuses, the consequences of which he has known, as few men have known, in all their poignant reality. It is to Mr. Burns and to Mr. Lloyd George that the public will turn with a special interest, and most Liberals will share our confidence that the great talents which have won for each of these men that opportunity of proving their worth which men in certain circumstances inherit will display

themselves in responsible office as they have done in courageous opposition.

Some speakers have said that it is a strong Government, but that it will not hold together. We think this is a premature conclusion. Lord Rosebery last Monday gave us another reason for regarding it as a united Government by explaining once again that he is just as much opposed to the form the Home Rule sympathies of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Haldane take as he is to the more impatient aspirations of men who want a full-bodied Parliament at once. Lord Rosebery explained that what he dreads is not a Gladstonian Parliament at once, but measures leading up to it. Mr. Asquith wants self-government step by step. Mr. Haldane says if we cannot begin to create

it directly at once, we must do so indirectly. "His own conviction was unaltered, and in the end the Irish must have control of those domestic affairs which concerned them and not us. . . . Should the Liberals come into power, the first thing they would have to see to was that the government of Ireland was a government 'for the people, through the people, by the people.' If we could not do this directly, we could do it indirectly." No man could call Mr. Haldane an intemperate zealot for Nationalist causes, and yet he cannot put his opinions on the Irish question in any other form than that which Lord Rosebery regards with horror. That fact alone is the measure of Lord Rosebery's dissident influence on the new Ministry.

### III.—A CONSERVATIVE PARTY OPINION.

(From the Saturday Review.)

Lord Rosebery was quite right when, speaking to the Liberal League on Monday, he insisted on strength as the cardinal point about a new ministry. The doctrine may not come with the greatest congruity from his lips, but it is not insight, it is not correct intuition, that fails Lord Rosebery. If knowing were doing Lord Rosebery would be one of the greatest statesmen this or any other country has ever produced. The power to perceive is there right enough, and it makes Lord Rosebery always an able and brilliant critic, just as the absence of the other thing needful prevents him from becoming even a tolerably good Minister or party leader. In his present capacity of adviser to a ministry of his friends he is at his best; for he can give full play to his critical faculties and is yet relieved from the necessity of criticism for criticism's sake. Probably the criticism of friends, though the most unpalatable and usually just a little inclined to malice, is the truest criticism we ever get. Lord Rosebery has succeeded in finding the exact position to show him to the most advantage. And his words may well be worth attending to now even for other qualities than their

literary perfection. He certainly was not platitudinizing when he urged on the Liberal League the supreme importance to the country of strength in a government.

We have no doubt all of us noticed that strength in a ministry does as a fact tell more than anything else, that the nation will put up with almost any policy from a government resolute in carrying it through, while it will never forgive ministerial weakness, no matter how consonant with the general sentiment of the nation ministers' policy and legislative projects may be. But it is not equally obvious that the people are right in this instinct.

At first sight it might seem the other way, for a ministry after all is but a temporary affair, while its measures may be permanent in their operation, or at any rate they nearly always outlast the government that passed them. An Act may produce changes in the constitution or the social machinery of the country almost unending in their results, every change involving further change. But the difference between a strong and a weak government touches things deeper and more permanent than the forms, the



machinery of national life, which is the material of legislation.

Lord Salisbury was never tired of insisting on the comparative powerlessness of legislation; but he never made light of the effect on the national life of strength or weakness in the executive government. The sense of security which comes from public confidence and underlies commercial and all other prosperity is impossible under an irresolute and feeble ministry. There must, of course, be some disturbance of confidence, whenever any great legislative change is expected or feared, but we doubt if the sense of insecurity is so widespread as that produced by a generally feeble ministry. It is thus doubly important for the country that a Radical Government should be strong; for of necessity every Radical Government produces a good deal of disturbance in the public mind by the expectation of large constitutional changes, and this disturbance can only be compensated by confidence in the government's general strength. A weak government attempting heroic reforms is of all things the most damaging to public confidence.

The strength of a ministry depends, first, on the personality of the Prime Minister; second, on the ability and character of the individual members making up the Cabinet; third, on the Cabinet's homogeneity and coherence, and, fourth, on the majority it commands in the House of Commons. Plainly no ministry, though it have all the talents and all the virtues, can make a strong government if its tenure of life hangs on a precarious majority in the Commons. It dare not take risks; it cannot attempt anything big; it lives from hand to mouth. How the Liberal ministry will find itself placed in this respect after the coming election it is idle to speculate now. We shall soon know. In the meantime it is the duty of all Unionists to do their utmost to obtain a strong Unionist government and save the country from a weak Liberal one.

No one will question Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's title to the Premiership. He has stuck to his post through good times and bad; he has borne the

ill-concealed sneers of his friends with as much fortitude as the open invective of his opponents. He has held on undaunted and demonstrated once again that steadiness is more effective than speed, persistency more successful than brilliancy. It would indeed have been hard measure if this assiduous laborer in Parliament, and out of it, had had to make way for a butterfly politician, lighting on the arena when he saw a chance of effectively displaying his splendors and flitting off at sight of the dust of conflict. He would not soil his wings. Certainly Sir Henry has earned his reward. If in other things he were as strong as in his title to the biggest prize, he would be strong indeed, and a potent guarantee of the strength of his Government.

But impartial scrutiny cannot disguise the fact that he is of inferior calibre, whether in intellect or personality, to nearly all his predecessors since the days of Lord Liverpool. It is enough to name them—Mr. Balfour, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Gladstone, Disraeli, Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Melbourne, Lord Grey, the Duke of Wellington, Canning.

Moreover, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is not the ablest man in his own Cabinet; in intellectual power he is not even the equal of two or three of his colleagues. His greater political experience may go some way to make up for deficiencies in other directions, but it is an element in the situation that must be taken account of that the Prime Minister is not even *primus inter pares*. Mr. Balfour had certainly an equal in ability in Mr. Chamberlain, but none in his Cabinet was his superior, while, since Mr. Chamberlain's withdrawal from parliamentary activity, Mr. Balfour has not only been easily first on his own side but first in the whole House. Strangely enough the position of the Liberal leader in both Houses will be the same in this respect: that each will be a less able and less distinguished man than at any rate one of his own party in his own House. This has not been the case for a long



time, and we cannot say that we think it augurs well for the strength of the new ministry. The Prime Minister should be able to control his Cabinet not only by the authority of his office but by the weight and force of his own personality. If Mr. Gladstone at times was unable to control his colleagues, can Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman be expected to lead and control Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey?

In collective ability the new Cabinet is certainly not inferior to Mr. Balfour's, though none of the new ministers is quite so good an all-round man as Mr. Balfour himself. Intellectually Mr. Asquith, Mr. Morley and Sir Edward Grey are probably superior to any of Mr. Balfour's recent colleagues in the Commons; but we doubt if any one of these will do so well either in his own department or as a member of the Cabinet as did Lord Lansdowne. Both Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey have without any doubt been given the departments best suited to them; each is in his right place; and we certainly expect them to do well.

If Mr. Asquith does as well at the Treasury as he did at the Home Office, he will be remembered as a very great Chancellor of the Exchequer; but his task is a more difficult one this time. He will hardly be able to gain credit from opposite qualities as he did at the Home Office. The working men, especially the trade unionists, expected him to do well, and took his abortive Employers' Liability Bill as an earnest of what he would have done if, as they put it, he had been given a chance; so that

they were not alienated by the firm front he showed against disturbance in Trafalgar Square, or even by his resolution in preventing a riot at the time of the coal strike in Yorkshire, a display of moral force which surprised and proportionately delighted the middle classes. Thus working man and middle class each of them rather likes Mr. Asquith in spite of his being liked by the other. He will find it more difficult to please both in his new office.

Quite the most serious weakness in the new Government is the lack of homogeneity. Not only is there very marked contrast amounting almost to antagonism in the character of some of the more conspicuous members—Mr. Morley side by side with Mr. Burns—Sir Edward Grey with the Premier—but on two whole lines of policy they are divided into distinct groups, not merely as to immediate political action but by habit of thought and attitude. Two groups in the Cabinet look at Irish policy from an opposite point of view, and hardly less sharply contrasted is their attitude on labor and social questions. As there is the Home-Rule and the anti-Home-Rule group, so there is the individualist and the collectivist group. They may patch up their differences or they may agree to differ; neither process makes for strength; witness the career of the Unionist Cabinet. And yet Mr. Balfour was in a much stronger position to compel harmonious co-operation among his colleagues than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman can ever hope to be.

#### IV.—A UNIONIST—FREE TRADE VIEW.

(From the Spectator.)

As Unionist Free-traders, we are bound to scrutinize the composition of the new Government with special anxiety, for we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that it stands between the nation and the adoption of a policy which, as we believe, must end in national disaster—in the weakening of the nation at home, and the setting in operation of forces that

would ultimately dissolve the empire. We realize that the nation is instinctively opposed to Protection, and unwilling to abandon the policy of the free market. But at the same time no one can deny that democracies are changeable, and that if the present Government were to prove unworthy of their trust, and incapable of safeguarding the cause of Free-trade,

there would be a revulsion of feeling which could only result in the establishment of their rivals in power. If the country were led to say: "These Free-traders are incapable of carrying on the Government," they would be sure to add: "and therefore we must go back to the other men, even if we have to swallow their fiscal policy." But the new Government have to do more than show themselves capable administrators and legislators. Before they can do that they must win a victory at the polls so sweeping that it will place them in a position of absolute independence—a position so strong that they will be able to stand the assaults of two of the ablest of parliamentary tacticians, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour.

Though we are so strongly impressed with the gravity of the situation, and with the tremendous nature of the responsibilities that are before them, we are able to feel that the new Ministry will prove worthy of the occasion, and capable of maintaining the cause for the defense of which they have come into existence. The Ministry is a strong Ministry and a sound Ministry. Not only are its leading men statesmen of conspicuous ability, but they are, we believe, what is still more important, united by the determination to sink minor differences in order to make the Government lasting as well as powerful. They may not be entirely homogeneous in the matter of their political ideas. No modern government is likely to be that. Certainly the late Government could not claim any such distinction. But they have something better than homogeneity of ideas, and that is willingness to co-operate loyally in the defense of a great principle.

For his wise allocation of the various offices in his Cabinet Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman deserves the highest praise. In his distribution of posts he has shown not merely no trace of personal feeling or of private jealousy—no one, indeed, would have expected that of him—but he has refrained from any attempt to entrench any one section of his party in the great offices of the Cabinet. He has filled the chief administrative of-

fices with the men who were most suited to fill them, and has refused to yield to other and less worthy considerations. As we have noted elsewhere, the Cabinet thoroughly deserves the praise accorded it by the "Times of India." The best offices have fallen to the best brains, and, we may add, the best brains have got the work which is most suited to them.

Mr. Asquith should prove an ideal Chancellor of the Exchequer, for, besides a firm grasp of finance and administration generally, he has both character and judgment. But though he has in the best sense a Treasury mind, he may be depended upon not to allow the Treasury view to prevail where common-sense shows that it is inapplicable. His task is indeed a hard one, for during the last three and a half years little or nothing has been done to make good the damage wrought in our finances during the South African war and to restore them to a sound basis. We have had nominal surpluses, but at the same time we have been actually adding to the total of the national debt. That is, we have obeyed to the letter the injunction of Artemus Ward to "live within our means even though we have to borrow the money to do it with." Mr. Asquith will have to reduce expenditure without making any sacrifice of efficiency—a difficult but by no means impossible undertaking—and further, he will have to find some new source of revenue which will enable him to reduce the income tax, for while the income tax remains at a shilling we are wanting in one of the chief sinews of war. In our belief, Mr. Asquith will find his new source of revenue in the amendment of our licensing system.

If Mr. Asquith is an ideal Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Edward Grey may with equal certainty be described as an ideal Foreign Secretary. He is essentially a safe and moderate man, but to him moderation of view has never brought, as it sometimes does, anything in the nature of sterility or want of purpose. One feels that he has a coherent and just view of foreign policy, and that, besides knowing what he wants, he knows how to obtain what he wants.

He will make us no enemies abroad, either intentionally or—what is a far greater danger—through inadvertence. At the same time, he will know how to hold his own, and, weighing all interests, to preserve those of his own country. Lord Carteret said it was the business of a Foreign Minister to knock together the heads of the kings of Europe, and to get something thereby for the good of his own country. Sir Edward Grey will not attempt, we are sure, to knock the heads of the European sovereigns together, but we are also perfectly certain that he will not allow any of them to knock Britain's head against those of her neighbors. He is not the kind of man whom it will be safe to intrigue against or to try to trip up on side issues.

Mr. Haldane has perhaps the hardest task of all in the Ministry, but we believe that he will prove equal to it. He comes to an office which through two and a half years of incoherent strivings and distracted counsels has been reduced to a condition of veritable chaos. A medieval writer illustrated the darkness of chaos by declaring that there the very cats run against each other. In the darkness and confusion of Pall Mall, Major-Generals, Under-Secretaries and the Secretary of State himself have of late been doing little else but run against each other. Fortunately, Mr. Haldane is as courageous as well as a capable man, and we have no fear of his spirit quailing before the appalling task which is presented to him. He brings one admirable quality, derived both from instinct and training, to his new work. He is not the kind of man to be daunted by experts. He will not, when he is told that military expert opinion declares that such-and-such a course is impossible, consider it necessary to surrender and adopt the attitude, "I cannot fly in the face of expert opinion." As one of the leaders of the Bar, he has had plenty of experience of expert opinion, and knows how essential it sometimes is to reject such opinion when it is contrary to plain reason. A wise man will use expert opinion, but he will always check it by common-sense even on the most technical points.

Mr. Haldane, in our opinion most fortunately, is not himself an amateur expert on military affairs. He goes to his post with an open as well as a specially acute and comprehensive mind. If his military advisers are able to convince him of the justice of their views, they will find no chief more loyal or more steadfast. If they are wise, however, they will be wary of trying to represent prejudices as military necessities, for such artifices will not prevail in Mr. Haldane's case. While we are dealing with Mr. Haldane's prospects at the War Office we should like to enter a caveat in regard to certain sanguine expectations which are likely to be raised in the public mind. The public must remember that the greater the mess the longer the time required to clear it up. The first call on Mr. Haldane's time and energy will be the clearing up of the debris of impossible schemes begun but never finished by his predecessor. Not until that is accomplished must the country expect anything from him in the nature of organic reform. His initial duty will be to put things straight, his next to "carry on" while he carefully considers the possibilities of reorganization.

We believe there is every possibility of Mr. Morley proving one of the ablest administrators who have entered the India Office of recent years. Mr. Morley in home politics holds what may be termed old-fashioned Radical principles, but it must not be supposed that he will attempt to apply those principles to India. His essential statesmanship will prevent him attempting anything of the kind. It is possible that he may regret that the British ever established themselves in India, but we are sure that he realizes fully that as we are in India the fact must be accepted with its natural and inevitable consequences. A capable man—and Mr. Morley is distinctly a capable man—does not manage a particular part of his estate badly because he regrets that his father ever bought it.

We believe that if the list of the new Government is carefully and honestly studied it will be found to contain a very high average of administrative ability.

and that we may look to the new men in the Cabinet, of whom we may take Mr. Sydney Buxton as an example, to show that their advancement to Cabinet rank is fully justified. It is one of the ironies of the present situation that, though the Ministers are termed Radicals by their opponents, they come into office with what is primarily a conservative task before them, and in a conservative spirit. Not only are they going to appeal to the country for a mandate to preserve our old and well-tried fiscal policy, but in almost all the departments of state their task is conservative. It will be conservative in the true sense in foreign affairs, for we may be sure that Sir Edward Grey will never recommend to his colleagues any policy so rash, so unjustifiable and so unwise as that of the Bagdad Railway, nor will he desire to join with Prince Bulow in another Venezuelan venture.

As we have already pointed out, the task before Mr. Asquith is entirely conservative. His duty will be to rebuild

the fabric of national finance and to conserve the fiscal resources of the nation. Mr. Haldane for the next year or two cannot hope, as we have said, to do more than pursue a policy of conservative reconstruction. Even on such questions as those of the unemployed and the administration of the Poor Law the Government will, we believe, find that the first thing needful is the application of conservative principles—principles which received so rude a shock in the passage of the Aliens bill and the Unemployed bill. Unless we are mistaken, the country as a whole is beginning to realize this fact. In spite of the babble of the political auction-room, we are convinced that the essential forces of conservatism in the country will at the next election operate to support the present Government and against their rivals. Conservatism looks aghast at the crudities of Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda, and finds little consolation in the sophistries of Mr. Balfour.

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## "PÆNE-INSULARUM, SIRMIO, INSULARUMQUE."—(*Catullus*.)

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By H. P. COOKE.

(From the Saturday Review.)

Star of the isles or almost-isles the twain  
Lords of the wave upbear in sparkling  
mere,

Bright Sirmio, or in the boundless main,  
I joy once more to see thee and be here,  
Believing hardly in dear wonderment  
That Thynia's plains are all behind me  
laid!—

Ah! what is sweeter to the travelspent  
Than safe repose beneath the happy  
shade

Of hearth and home on couch so long  
desired

Deep-pillowed, and a heart from care  
allay'd?

Hail, Sirmio, thy joy by mine inspired,  
For this one thing hath all that toil re-  
paid:

And, waters of the Lydian lake, begin  
To ring with laughter-peals your master  
in.

## The Revolution in Russia.

By PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)

**E**VENTS in Russia are following one another with that rapidity which is characteristic of revolutionary periods. Eleven months ago, when I wrote in this Review about the constitutional agitation in Russia, the Congress of the Zemstvos, which had timidly expressed the desire of having some sort of representative institutions introduced in Russia, was the first open step that had been made by a collective body in the struggle which was going to develop itself with such an astounding violence. Now, autocracy, which then seemed so solid as to be capable of weathering many a storm, has already been forced to recognize that it must cease to exist. But between these two events so many others of the deepest importance have taken place that they must be recalled to memory, before any safe conclusion can be drawn as to the probable further developments of the revolution in Russia.

On the 10th of August, 1904, the omnipotent Minister of the Interior, Von Plehwe, was killed by the revolutionary Socialist, Sazonoff. Plehwe had undertaken to maintain autocracy for another ten years, provided that he and his police were invested with unlimited powers; and having received these powers, he had used them so as to make of the police the most demoralized and dangerous body in the state.

In order to crush all opposition, he had not recoiled from deporting at least 30,000 persons to remote corners of the empire by mere administrative orders. He was spending immense sums of money for his

own protection, and when he drove in the streets, surrounded by crowds of policemen and detective bicyclists and automobilists, he was the best guarded man in Russia—better guarded than even the Czar. But all that proved to be of no avail. The system of police rule was defeated, and nobody in the Czar's surroundings would attempt to continue it.

For six weeks the post of Minister of the Interior remained vacant, and then Nicholas the Second reluctantly agreed to accept Sviatopolk Mirsky, with the understanding that he would allow the Zemstvos to work out some transitional form between autocracy pure and simple, and autocracy mitigated by some sort of national representation. This was done by the Zemstvos at their congress, in November of last year, when they dared to demand "the guarantee of the individual and the inviolability of the private dwelling," "the local autonomy of self-administration," and "a close intercourse between the government and the nation," by means of a specially elected body of representatives of the nation who would "participate in the legislative power, the establishment of the budget, and the control of the administration."

Modest though this declaration was, it became the signal for a general agitation. True, the press was forbidden to discuss it, but all the papers, as well as the municipal councils, the scientific societies, and all sorts of private groups discussed it nevertheless. Then, in December last, the "intellectuals" organized themselves into vast unions of engineers, lawyers, chemists, teachers, and



so on—all federated in a general Union of Unions. And amidst this agitation, the timid resolutions of the *Zemstvos* were soon outdistanced. A constituent assembly, elected by universal, direct and secret suffrage, became the watchword of all the constitutional meetings. This demand was soon as popular as the paragraphs of the Charter were during the Chartist agitation.

The students were the first to carry these resolutions in the street, and they organized imposing manifestations in support of these demands at St. Petersburg, Moscow and in all the university towns. At Moscow the Grand Duke Sergius ordered the troops to fire at the absolutely peaceful demonstration. Many were killed, and from that day he became a doomed man.

Things would have probably dragged if the St. Petersburg working men had not at this moment lent their powerful support to the young movement—entirely changing by their move the very face of events. To prevent by any means the "intellectuals" from carrying on their propaganda amidst the working men and the peasants had been the constant pre-occupation of the Russian Government; while, on the other side, to join hands with the workers and the peasants and to spread among them the ideas of freedom and socialism had always been the goal of the revolutionary youth for the last forty years—since 1861. Life itself worked on their side. The labor movement played so prominent a part in the life of Europe during the last half century, and it so much occupied the attention of all the European press, that infiltration of its ideas into Russia could not be prevented by repression. The great strikes of 1896-1900 at St. Petersburg and in Central Russia, the growth of the labor organizations in Poland, and the admirable success of the Jewish labor organization, the Bund, in western and southwestern Russia proved, indeed, that the Russian working men had joined hands in their aspirations with their western brothers.

There is no need to repeat here what Father Gapon has told already in his

autobiography—namely, how he succeeded in grouping in a few months a considerable mass of the St. Petersburg workers round all sorts of lecturing institutes, tea restaurants, co-operative societies, and the like, and how he, with a few workmen friends, organized within that mass, and linked together, several thousands of men inspired by higher purposes. They succeeded so well in their underground work that when they suggested to the working men that they should go en masse to the Czar, and unroll before him a petition, asking for constitutional guarantees, as well as for some economical changes, nearly 70,000 men took in two days the oath to join the demonstration, although it had become nearly certain that the demonstration would be repulsed by force of arms. They more than kept word, as they came out in still greater numbers—about 200,000—and persisted in approaching the Winter Palace notwithstanding the firing of the troops.

It is now known how the Emperor, himself concealed at Tsarkoye Selo, gave orders to receive the demonstrators with volley firing; how the capital was divided for that purpose into military districts, each one having at a given spot its staff, its field telephones, its ambulances. . . . The troops fired at the dense crowds at a range of a few dozen yards, and no less than from 2,000 to 3,000 men, women and children fell the victims of the Czar's fears and obstinacy.

The feeling of horror with which eyewitnesses, Russian and English, speak of this massacre surpasses description. Even time will not erase these horrible scenes from the memories of those who saw them, just as the horrors of a shipwreck remain engraved for ever in the memory of a rescued passenger. What Gapon said immediately after the massacre about "the viper's brood" of the whole dynasty was echoed all over Russia, and went as far as the valleys of Manchuria. The whole character of the movement was changed at once by this massacre. All illusions were dissipated. As the autocrat and his supporters had not shrunk from that wanton, fiendish



and cowardly slaughtering, it was evident that they would stop at no violence and no treachery. Since that day the name of the Romanoff dynasty began to become odious among the working men in Russia. The illusion of a benevolent autocrat who was going to listen paternally to the demands of his subjects was gone for ever.

Distrust of everything that might come from the Romanoffs took its place; and the idea of a democratic republic, which formerly was adopted by a few Socialists only, now found its way even into the relatively moderate programmes. To let the people think that they might be received by the Czar, to lure them to the Winter Palace, and there to mow them down by volleys of rifle fire—such crimes are never pardoned in history.

If the intention of Nicholas the Second and his advisers had been to terrorize the working classes, the effect of the January slaughter was entirely in the opposite direction. It gave a new force to the labor movement all over Russia. Five days after the terrible "Vladimir" Sunday, a mass strike broke out at Warsaw, and was followed by mass strikes at Lodz and in all the industrial and mining centers of Poland. In a day or two the Warsaw strike was joined by 100,000 operatives and became general. All factories were closed, no tramways were running, no papers were published. The students joined the movement, and were followed by the pupils of the secondary schools. The shop assistants, the clerks in the banks and in all public and private commercial establishments, the waiters in the restaurants—all gradually came out to support the strikers. Lodz joined Warsaw, and two days later the strike spread over the mining district of Dombrowo. An eight-hour day, increased wages, political liberties, and home rule, with a Polish Diet sitting at Warsaw, were the demands of all the strikers. We thus find in these Polish strikes all the characteristics which, later on, made of the general strikes of October last so powerful a weapon against the crumbling autocratic system.

If the rulers of Russia had had the

slightest comprehension of what was going on, they would have perceived at once that a new factor of such potency had made its appearance in the movement, in the shape of a strike in which all classes of the population joined hands, that nothing remained but to yield to their demands; otherwise the whole fabric of the state would be shattered down to its deepest foundations. But they remained as deaf to the teachings of modern European life as they had been to the lessons of history; and when the strikers appeared in the streets, organizing imposing manifestations, they knew of no better expedient than to send the order: "Shoot them!" In a couple of days more than 300 men and women were shot at Warsaw, 100 at Lodz, forty-three at Sosnowice, forty-two at Ostrowiec, and so on, all over Poland!

The result of these new massacres was that all classes of society drew closer together in order to face the common enemy, and swore to fight till victory should be gained. Since that time governors of provinces, officers of the police, gendarmes, spies and the like have been killed in all parts of Poland, not one day passing without some such act being recorded; so it was estimated in August last that ninety-five terrorist acts of this sort had taken place in Poland, and that in very few of them were the assailants arrested. As a rule they disappeared—the whole population evidently helping to conceal them.

## II.

In the meantime the peasant uprisings, which had already begun a couple of years ago, were continuing all over Russia, showing, as is usually the case with peasant uprisings, a recrudescence at the beginning of the winter and a falling off at the time when the crops have to be taken in. They now took serious proportions in the Baltic provinces, in Poland and Lithuania, in the central provinces of Tchernigov, Orel, Kursk and Tula, on the middle Volga, and especially in western Transcaucasia. There were weeks when the Russian papers would record every day from ten to twenty

cases of peasant uprisings. Then, during crop time, there was a falling off in these numbers, but now that the main field work is over, the peasant revolts are beginning with a renewed force. In all these uprisings the peasants display a most wonderful unity of action, a striking calmness, and remarkable organizing capacities. In most cases their demands are very moderate.

They begin by holding a solemn assembly of the *mir* (village community); then they ask the priest to sing a *Te Deum* for the success of the enterprise; they elect as their delegates the wealthiest men of the village; and they proceed with their carts to the landlord's grain stores. There they take exactly what they need for keeping alive till the next crop, or they take the necessary fuel from the landlord's wood, and if no resistance has been offered they take nothing else, and return to their houses in the same orderly way; or else they come to the landlord, and signify to him that unless he agrees to rent all his land to the village community at such a price—usually a fair price—nobody will be allowed to rent his land or work for him as a hired laborer, and that the best he can do is therefore to leave the village. In other places, if the landlord has been a good neighbor, they offer to buy all his land on the responsibility of the commune, for the price which land, sold in a lump, can fetch in that neighborhood; or alternatively they offer such a yearly rent; or, if he intends to cultivate the land himself, they are ready to work at a fair price, slightly above the now current prices. But rack-renting, renting to middlemen, or renting to other villages in order to force his nearest neighbors to work at lower wages—all this must be given up forever.

As to the Caucasus, the peasants of Guria (western portion of Georgia) proceeded even in a more radical way. They refused to work for the landlords, sent away all the authorities, and, nominating their own judges, they organized such independent village communities, embodying a whole territory, as the old cantons of Schwyz, Uri and Unterwalden repre-

sented for several centuries in succession.

All these facts point in one direction. Rural Russia will not be pacified so long as some substantial move has not been made in the sense of land nationalization. The theoreticians of the mercantile school of economists may discuss this question with no end of argument, coming to no solution at all; but the peasants are evidently decided not to wait any more. They see that the landlords not only do not introduce improved systems of culture on the lands which they own, but simply take advantage of the small size of the peasant allotments and the heavy taxes which the peasants have to pay, for imposing rack-rents, and very often the additional burden of a middleman, who sublets the land. And they seem to have made up their minds all over Russia in this way: "Let the government pay the landlords, if it be necessary, but we must have the land. We shall get out of it, under improved culture, much more than is obtained now by absentee landlords, whose main income is derived from the civil and the military service."

It may therefore be taken as certain that such insignificant measures as the abandonment of arrears or a reduction of the redemption tax, which were promulgated by the Czar on the 18th of this month (November), will have no effect whatever upon the peasants. They know that, especially with a new famine in view, no arrears can be repaid. On the other hand, it is the unanimous testimony of all those who know the peasants that the general spirit—the mentalité, as the French would say—of the peasant nowadays is totally changed. He realizes that while the world has moved he has remained at the mercy of the same *uryadnik* (village constable) and the same district chief, and that at any moment, for the mere exposition of his griefs, he can be treated as a rebel, flogged to death in the teeth of all laws, or shot down by the Cossacks. Therefore he will not be lulled into obedience by sham reforms or mere promises. This is the impression of all those who know the

peasants from intercourse with them, and this is also what appears both from the official peasant congress which was held last summer, and from the unofficial congresses organized by revolutionary socialists in more than one hundred villages of eastern Russia. Both have expressed the same views: "We want the land, and we shall have it."

### III.

The peasant uprisings alone, spreading over wide territories, rolling as waves which flood to-day one part of the country, and to-morrow another, would have been sufficient to entirely upset the usual course of affairs in Russia. But when the peasant insurrection is combined with a general awakening of the working men in towns, who refuse to remain in the old servile conditions; when all the educated classes enter into an open revolt against the old system; and when important portions of the empire, such as Finland, Poland and the Caucasus, strive for complete home rule, while other portions, such as Siberia, the Baltic provinces, and Little Russia, and in fact every province, claim autonomy and want to be freed from the St. Petersburg bureaucrats—then it becomes evident that the time has come for a deep, complete revision of all the institutions. Every reasoning observer, every one who has learned something in his life about the psychology of nations, would conclude that if any concessions are to be made to the new spirit of the time, they must be made with an open mind, in a straightforward way, with a deep sense of responsibility for what is done—not as a concession enforced by the conditions of a given moment, but as a quite conscious reasoned move, dictated by a comprehension of the historical phase which the country is going through.

Unfortunately, nothing of that consciousness and sense of responsibility is seen among those who have been the rulers of Russia during the last twelve months. I have told in my memoirs how certain moderate concessions, if they had been granted toward the end of the reign of Alexander the Second or at the ad-

vent of his son, would have been hailed with enthusiasm, and would have paved the way for the gradual and slow passage from absolutism to representative government.

Even in 1895, when Nicholas the Second had become Emperor, it was not too late for such concessions. But it was also evident to every one who was not blinded by that artificial atmosphere of bureaucracy created in all capitals, that ten years later—that is, in November last—such half-hearted concessions as a "Consultative Assembly" were already out of the question. The events of the last ten years, with which the readers of this Review are familiar—the students' affair of 1901, the rule of Plehwe, and so on, to say nothing of the abominable blunders of the last war—had already created too deep a chasm between Russia and Nicholas the Second. The January massacres widened that chasm still more.

Therefore only an open recognition of the right of the nation to frame its own constitution, and a complete, honest amnesty, granted as a pledge of good faith, could have spared to Russia all the bloodshed of the last ten months. Every intelligent statesmen would have understood it. But the cynical courtier, Boulyghin, whom Nicholas the Second and his mother considered a statesman, and to whom they had pinned their faith, was not the man to do so. His only policy was to win time, in the hope that something might turn the scales in favor of his masters.

Consequently, vague promises were made in December, 1904, and next in March, 1905, but in the meantime the most reckless repression was resorted to—not very openly, I must say, but under cover, according to the methods of Von Plehwe's policy. Death sentences were distributed by the dozen during the last summer. The worst forms of police autocracy, which characterized the rule of Plehwe, were revived in a form even more exasperating than before, because governors-general assumed now the rights which formerly were vested in the Minister of the Interior.

Thus, to give one instance, the Govern-

or-General of Odessa exiled men by the dozen by his own will, including the old ex-Dean of the Odessa University, Professor Yaroshenko, whom he ordered (on the 26th of July) to be transported to Vologda! And this went on at a time when all Russia began to take fire, and lived through such a series of events as the uprising of the Mussulmans and the massacres at Baku and Nakhichevan; the uprising at Odessa, during which all the buildings in the port were burned; the mutiny on the ironclad Knyaz Potemkin; the second series of strikes in Poland, again followed by massacres at Lodz, Warsaw, and all other chief industrial centers; a series of uprisings at Riga, culminating in the great street battles of the 28th of July—to say nothing of a regular, uninterrupted succession of minor agrarian revolts. All Russia had thus to be set into open revolt, blood had to run freely in the streets of all the large cities, simply because the Czar did not want to pronounce the word which would put an end to his sham autocracy and to the autocracy of his camarilla. Only toward the end of the summer could he be induced to make some concessions which at last took the shape of a convocation of a State Duma, announced in the manifesto of the 19th of August.

#### IV.

General stupefaction and disdain are the only words to express the impression produced by this manifesto. To begin with, it was evident to any one who knew something of human psychology that no assembly elected to represent the people could be maintained as a merely consultative body, with no legislative powers. To impose such a limitation was to create the very conditions for producing the bitterest conflicts between the Crown and the nation. To imagine that the Duma, if it ever could come into existence in the form under which it was conceived by the advisers of Nicholas the Second, would limit itself to the functions of a merely consulting board, that it would express its wishes in the form of mere advices, but not in the form of laws, and that it would not defend these laws as

such, was absurd on the very face of it. Therefore the concession was considered as a mere desire to bluff, to win time. It was received as a new proof of the insincerity of Nicholas the Second.

But in proportion as the real sense of the Boulyghin "Constitution" was discovered, it became more and more evident that such a Duma would never come together; never would the Russians be induced to perform the farce of the Duma elections under the Boulyghin system. It appeared that under this system the city of St. Petersburg, with its population of nearly 1,500,000, and its immense wealth, would have only about 7,000 electors, and that large cities having from 200,000 to 700,000 inhabitants would have an electoral body composed of but a couple of thousand, or even a few hundred electors; while the 90,000,000 peasants would be boiled down, after several successive elections, to a few thousand men electing a few deputies. As to the nearly 4,000,000 of Russian working men, they were totally excluded from any participation in the political life of the country. It was evident that only fanatics of electioneering could be induced to find interest in so senseless a waste of time as an electoral campaign under such conditions. Moreover, as the press continued to be gagged, the state of siege was maintained, and the governors of the different provinces continued to rule as absolute satraps, exiling whom they disliked, public opinion in Russia gradually came to the idea that, whatever some Moderate Zemstvoists may say in favor of a compromise, the Duma would never come together.

Then it was that the working men again threw the weight of their will into the contest and gave a quite new turn to the movement. A strike of bakers broke out at Moscow in October last, and they were joined in their strike by the printers. This was not the work of any revolutionary organization. It was entirely a working men's affair, but suddenly what was meant to be a simple manifestation of economical discontent grew up, invaded all trades, spread to St. Petersburg, then all over Russia, and took the

character of such an imposing revolutionary manifestation that autocracy had to capitulate before it.

When the strike of the bakers began, troops were, as a matter of course, called out to suppress it. But this time the Moscow working men had had enough of massacres. They offered an armed resistance to the Cossacks. Some three hundred men barricaded themselves in a garret, and a regular fight between the besieged working men and the besieging Cossacks followed. The latter took, of course, the upper hand, and butchered the besieged, but then all the Moscow working men joined hands with the strikers. A general strike was declared. "Non-sense! A general strike is impossible!" the wiseacres said, even then. But the working men set earnestly to stop all work in the great city, and fully succeeded. In a few days the strike became general.

What the working men must have suffered during these two or three weeks, when all work was suspended, and provisions became extremely scarce, one can easily imagine; but they held out. Moscow had no bread, no meat coming in, no light in the streets. All traffic on the railways had been stopped, and the mountains of provisions which, in the usual course of life, reach the great city every day, were lying rotting along the railway lines. No newspapers, except the proclamation of the strike committees, appeared. Thousands upon thousands of passengers who had come to that great railway center which Moscow is could not move any further, and were camping at the railway stations. Tons and tons of letters accumulated at the postoffices, and had to be stored in special storehouses. But the strike, far from abating, was spreading all over Russia. Once the heart of Russia, Moscow, had struck, all the other towns followed. St. Petersburg soon joined the strike, and the working men displayed the most admirable organizing capacities. Then, gradually, the enthusiasm and devotion of the poorest class of society won over the other classes. The shop assistants, the clerks, the teachers, the employes at the

banks, the actors, the lawyers, the chemists, nay, even the judges, gradually joined the strikers. A whole country had struck against its government; all but the troops; but even from the troops separate officers and soldiers came to take part in the strike meetings and one saw uniforms in the crowds of peaceful demonstrators who managed to display a wonderful skill in avoiding all conflict with the army.

In a few days the strike had spread over all the main cities of the empire, including Poland and Finland. Moscow had no water, Warsaw no fuel; provisions ran short everywhere; the cities, great and small, remained plunged in complete darkness. No smoking factories, no railways running, no tramways, no Stock Exchange, no banking, no theatres, no law courts, no schools. In many places the restaurants, too, were closed, the waiters having left, or else the workers compelled the owners to extinguish all lights after seven o'clock. In Finland, even the house servants were not allowed to work before seven in the morning or after seven in the evening. All life in the towns had come to a standstill. And what exasperated the rulers most was that the workers offered no opportunity for shooting at them and re-establishing "order" by massacres. A new weapon, more terrible than street warfare, had thus been tested and proved to work admirably.

The panic in the Czar's entourage had reached a high pitch. He himself, in the meantime, was consulting in turn the Conservatives (Ignatieff, Goremykin, Sturmer, Stishinsky), who advised him to concede nothing, and Witte, who represented the Liberal opinion; and it is said that if he yielded to the advice of the latter, it was only when he saw that the Conservatives refused to risk their reputations, and maybe their lives, in order to save autocracy. He finally signed, on October 20, a manifesto in which he declared that his "inflexible will" was—

(1) To grant the population the immutable foundations of civic liberty based on real inviolability of the person and



freedom of conscience, speech, union and association.

(2) Without deferring the elections to the State Duma already ordered, to call to participation in the Duma, as far as is possible in view of the shortness of the time before the Duma is to assemble, those classes of the population now completely deprived of electoral rights, leaving the ultimate development of the principle of the electoral right in general to the newly established legislative order of things.

(3) To establish it as an immutable rule that no law can come into force without the approval of the State Duma, and that it shall be possible for the elected of the people to exercise a real participation in the supervision of the legality of the acts of the authorities appointed by us.

On the same day Count Witte was nominated the head of a Ministry, which he himself had to form, and the Czar approved by his signature a memorandum of the Minister-President in which it was said that "straightforwardness and sincerity in the confirmation of civil liberty," "a tendency toward the abolition of exclusive laws," and "the avoidance of repressive measures in respect to proceedings which do not openly menace society and the state" must be binding for the guidance of the Ministry. The government was also "to abstain from any interference in the elections to the Duma," and "not resist its decisions as long as they are not inconsistent with the historic greatness of Russia."

At the same time a general strike had also broken out in Finland. The whole population joined in supporting it with a striking unanimity; and as communication with St. Petersburg was interrupted, the wildest rumors about the revolution in the Russian capital circulated at Helsingfors. Pressed by the Finnish population, the Governor-General undertook to report to the Czar the absolute necessity for full concessions, and, the Czar agreeing with this demand, a manifesto was immediately issued, by which all repressive measures of the last few years, including the unfortunate manifesto of

the year 1899, by which the Finnish Constitution had been violated, were rescinded, the Diet was convoked, and a complete return to the status quo ante Bobrikoff was promulgated. What a pity for the future development of Russia that on this very same day an identical measure, establishing and convoking a Polish Diet at Warsaw, was not taken! How much bloodshed would have been saved! And how much safer the further development of Russia would have been, if Poland had then known that she would be able to develop her own life according to her own wishes!

## V.

Count Witte having been invested on the 30th of October with wide powers as Minister-President, and the further march of events undoubtedly depending to a great extent upon the way in which he will use his extensive authority, the question, "What sort of man is Witte?" is now asked on all sides.

The present Prime Minister of Russia is often described as the Necker of the Russian revolution; and it must be owned that the resemblance between the two statesmen lies not only in the situations which they occupy with regard to their respective monarchies. Like Necker, Witte is a successful financier, and he also is a "mercantilist"; he is an admirer of the great industries, and would like to see Russia a money-making country, with its Morgans and Rockefellers making colossal fortunes in Russia itself and in all sorts of Manchurias. But he has also the limited political intelligence of Necker, and his views are not very different from those which the French Minister expressed in his work, "Pouvoir Executif," published in 1792. Witte's ideal is a Liberal, half-absolute and half-constitutional monarchy, of which he, Witte, would be the Bismarck, standing by the side of a weak monarch and sheltered from his whims by a docile middle-class Parliament. In that Parliament he would even accept a score of Labor members—just enough to render inoffensive the most prominent Labor agitators, and to have the claims of La-



bor expressed in a parliamentary way.

Witte is daring, he is intelligent, and he is possessed of an admirable capacity for work; but he will not be a great statesman because he scoffs at those who believe that in politics, as in everything else, complete honesty is the most successful policy. In the polemics which Herbert Spencer carried on some years ago in favor of "principles" in politics, Witte would have joined, I suppose, his opponents, and I am afraid he secretly worships the "almighty dollar policy" of Cecil Rhodes. In Russia he is thoroughly distrusted. It is very probable that people attribute to him more power over Nicholas the Second than he has in reality, and do not take sufficiently into account that Witte must continually be afraid of asking too much from his master, from fear that the master will turn his back on him, and throw himself at the first opportunity into the hands of his reactionary advisers, whom he certainly understands and likes better than Witte.

But Witte, like his French prototype, has retained immensely the worship of bureaucracy and autocratic power, and distrust of the masses. With all his boldness he has not that boldness of doing things thoroughly, which is gained only by holding to certain fundamental principles. He prefers vague promises to definite acts, and therefore Russian society applies to him the saying: *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. And if the refusal he has met with on behalf of all prominent Liberals to collaborate with him has been caused by their complete disapproval of the policy which refuses home rule for Poland, there remains besides the widely spread suspicion that Witte is capable of going too far in the way of compromises with the palace party. At any rate, even the moderate Zemstvoists could not agree—we learn now—with his policy of half-measures, both as regards the popular representation, and even such a secondary question as the amnesty. He refused to accept universal suffrage and to grant a complete amnesty, upon which the Zemstvo delegation was ordered to insist.

That "straightforwardness and sincerity in the confirmation of civil liberty" which—the Prime Minister wrote—had to be accepted as binding for the guidance of his Ministry, surely are not seen yet. The state of siege not only continues to be maintained in many parts of Russia, but it has been spread over Poland; and as to the amnesty, its insincerity is such that it might be envied by Pobiedonostseff. An honest amnesty is never couched in many words. It is expressed in four or five lines; but Witte's amnesty is a long document written with an obvious intention of deceiving the reader as to its real tenor, and therefore it is full of references to numbers of articles of the Code, instead of naming things by their proper names. Thousands of contests must arise, Russian lawyers say, out of this muddled document.

At any rate, one thing is evident. Those who were confined at Schlussemburg since 1881-1886—immured in secrecy would be the proper term—and whose barbarous treatment is known to the readers of this Review, will not be liberated, according to the terms of the amnesty. They will have to be exiled as *posselentsy* (criminal exiles) for another four years to Siberia, probably to its most unhealthy parts, before they are allowed to enter Russia! This, after a twenty-four years' cellular confinement, in absolute secrecy, without any communication whatever with the outer world! As to those who were driven to desperate action by the police rule of Plehwe, they all must remain for ten to twelve years more in the Russian Bastille of Schlussemburg; the amnesty does not apply to them. And as regards the exiles abroad, they are offered the right to obtain certificates of admission to Russia from the Russian State Police! All over the world, each time that a new departure has been made in general policy, an honest general amnesty was granted as a guarantee of good faith. Even that pledge was refused to Russia. And so it is all round. All that has hitherto been done are words, words and words! And every one of these words can be crossed with

a stroke of the pen, just as the promises of a Constitution given by the Austrian Emperor after the Vienna revolution of the 13th of March, 1848, were cancelled a few months later, and the population of the capital was massacred as soon as its revolutionary spirit cooled down. Is it not the same policy that is coveted at Tsarskoye Selo? Unfortunately, the first step in the way of reaction has already been made by proclaiming the state of siege in Poland.

## VI.

The first victory of the Russian nation over autocracy was met with the wildest enthusiasm and jubilations. Crowds, composed of hundreds of thousands of men and women of all classes, all mixed together, and carrying countless red flags, moved about in the streets of the capitals, and the same enthusiasm rapidly spread to the provinces, down to the smallest towns. True that it was not jubilation only; the crowd expressed also three definite demands. For three days after the publication of the manifesto in which autocracy had abdicated its powers, no amnesty manifesto had yet appeared, and on the 3d of November, at St. Petersburg, a crowd, 100,000 men strong, was going to storm the House of Detention, when, at ten in the evening, one of the Workmen's Council of Delegates addressed them, declaring that Witte had just given his word of honor that a general amnesty would be granted that same night. The delegate therefore said: "Spare your blood for graver occasions. At eleven we shall have Witte's reply, and if it is not satisfactory, then to-morrow at six you will all be informed as to how and where to meet in the streets for further action." And the immense crowd—I hold these details from an eye-witness—slowly broke up and dispersed in silence, thus recognizing the new power—the Labor Delegates—which was born during the strike.

Two other important points, beside amnesty, had also to be cleared up. During the last few months the Cossacks had proved to be the most abominable instrument of reaction, always ready to whip,

shoot, or bayonet unarmed crowds, for the mere fun of the sport and with a view to subsequent pillage. Besides, there was no guarantee whatever that at any moment the demonstrators would not be attacked and slaughtered by the troops. The people in the streets demanded therefore the withdrawal of the troops, and especially of the Cossacks, the abolition of the state of siege, and the creation of popular militia which would be placed under the management of the municipalities.

It is known how, at Odessa first, and then all over Russia, the jubilant crowds began to be attacked by bands, composed chiefly of butcher assistants, and partly of the poorest slum-dwellers, sometimes armed, and very often under the leadership of policemen and police officials in plain clothes; how every attempt on behalf of the Radical demonstrators to resist such attacks by means of revolver shots immediately provoked volleys of rifle fire from the Cossacks; how peaceful demonstrators were slaughtered by the soldiers, after some isolated pistol shot—maybe a police signal—was fired from the crowd; and how, finally, at Odessa an organized pillage and the slaughter of men, women and children in some of the poorest Jewish suburbs took place, while the troops fired at the improvised militia of students who tried to prevent the massacres, or to put an end to them. At Moscow, the editor of the Moscow "Gazette," Gringmuth, and part of the clergy, stimulated by a pastoral letter of Bishop Nikon, openly preached "to put down the intellectuals by force," and improvised orators spoke from the platform in front of the Iberia Virgin, preaching the killing of the students. The result was that the University was besieged by crowds of the "defenders of order," the students were fired at by the Cossacks, and for several nights in succession isolated students were assailed in the dark by the Moscow "Gazette" men, so that in one single night twenty-one were killed or mortally wounded.

An inquest into the origin of these murders is now being made by volunteer

lawyers; but this much can already be said. If race-hatred has played an important part at Odessa and in other southern towns, no such cause can be alleged at Moscow, Tver (the burning of the house of the Zemstvo), Tomsk, Nijni-Novgorod, and a great number of towns having a purely Russian population. And yet outbreaks having the same savage character took place in all these towns and cities at about the same time. An organizing hand is seen in them, and there is no doubt that this is the hand of the Monarchist party. It sent a deputation to Peterhof, headed by Prince Scherbatoff and Count Sheremetieff, and after the deputation had been most sympathetically received by Nicholas the Second, they openly came forward in the Moscow "Gazette" and in the appeals of the bishops Nikon and Nikander, calling upon their sympathizers to declare an open war on the Radicals.

Of course it would be unwise to imagine that autocracy, and the autocratic habits which made a little Czar of every police official in his own sphere, would die out without showing resistance by all means, including murder. The Russian revolution will certainly have its Feuillants and its Muscadins. And this struggle will necessarily be complicated in Russia by race-hatred. It has always been the policy of the Russian Czardom to stir national hatred, setting the Finns and the Karelian peasants against the Swedes in Finland, the Letts against the Germans in the Baltic provinces, the Polish peasants (partly Ukrainian) against the Polish landlords, the Orthodox Russians against the Jews, the Mussulmans against the Armenians, and so on. Then, for the last twenty years it has been a notable feature of the policy of Ignatieff, and later on of Plehwe, to provoke race-wars with a view of checking Socialist propaganda. And the police in Russia have always taken advantage of all such outbreaks for pilfering and plundering. . . . Consequently, a few hints from above were enough—and several reactionary papers and two bishops went so far as to openly give such hints—to

provoke the terrible massacres at Odessa, and the smaller outbreaks elsewhere.

Such conflicts between the representatives of a dark past and the young forces representing the future will certainly continue for some time before the mighty floods raised by the storm of the revolution will subside. The revolution in England lasted from 1639 to 1655, that of France from 1788 till 1794, and both were followed by an unsettled period of some thirty years' duration. So we cannot expect that the Russian revolution should accomplish its work in a few months only. One extremely important feature has, however, to be noted already now. Up to the present moment, bloodshed has come, not from the Revolutionists, but from the defenders of Absolutism. It is estimated that more than 25,000 persons have already been killed in Russia since January last. But all this mass of murders lies on the side of the defenders of autocracy. The victory over Absolutism which compelled it to abdicate was obtained by a strike, unique in the annals of history by its unanimity and the self-abnegation of the workers; but no blood was shed to win this first victory. The same is true of the villages. It may be taken as certain that the landlord ownership of the land has already sustained a blow which renders a return to the status quo ante in land ownership materially impossible. And this other victory—a very great one, in my opinion—is being obtained again without bloodshed on behalf of the revolted peasants. If blood is shed, it is shed by the troops called in for the defense of the monopoly in land—not by those who endeavor to get rid of it. As to the peasants, they have even pronounced themselves against retaliation.

Another prominent feature of the Russian revolution is the ascendancy which Labor has taken in it. It is not Social Democrats, or Revolutionary Socialists, or Anarchists, who take the lead in the present revolution. It is Labor—the working men. Already during the first general strike, the St. Petersburg working men had nominated 132 delegates, who constituted a "Council of the Union

of Working Men," and these delegates had nominated an executive of eight members. Nobody knew their names or their addresses, but their advice was obeyed like orders. In the streets they appeared surrounded by fifty or sixty working men, armed, and linked together so as to allow no one to approach a delegate. Now, the working men of St. Petersburg have apparently extended their organization, and while their delegates confer with representatives of the revolutionary parties, they nevertheless retain their complete independence. Similar organizations most probably have sprung up at Moscow and elsewhere, and at this moment the working men of St. Petersburg are systematically arming themselves in order to resist the absolutist Black Gangs.

As to the powers of the Labor organization, they are best seen from the fact that while the bureaucrat lawyers are still concocting some crooked press law, the working men have abolished preventive censorship at St. Petersburg by publishing a short-worded resolution in their clandestine daily, the "Izvestia" of the Council of Labor Delegates.

"We declare," they said, "that if the editor of any paper continues to send his sheet to the censor before issuing it, the paper will be confiscated by us in the streets, and the printers will be called out from the printing office (they will be supported by the Strike Committee). If the paper continues nevertheless to appear, the blacklegs will be boycotted by us, and the presses will be broken." This is how preliminary censorship has ceased to exist at St. Petersburg. The old laws remain, but *de facto* the daily press is free.

Many years ago the general strike was advocated by the Latin working men as a weapon which would be irresistible in the hands of Labor for imposing its will. The Russian revolution has demonstrated that they were right. Moreover, there is not the slightest doubt that if the general strike has been capable of forcing the centuries-old institution of Autocracy to capitulate, it will be capable also of imposing the will of the la-

borers upon Capital; and that the working men, with the common sense of which they have given such striking proofs, will find also the means of solving the Labor problem, so as to make industry the means, not of personal enrichment, but of satisfying the needs of the community. That the Russian revolution will not limit itself to a mere reform of political institutions, but, like the Revolution of 1848, will make an attempt, at least, to solve the social problem, has always been my opinion. Half a century of Socialist evolution in Europe cannot remain without influence upon the coming events. And the dominant position taken by Labor in the present crisis seems to yield support to that prevision. How far the social change will go, and what concrete forms it will take, I would not undertake to predict without being on the spot, in the midst of the workers; but steps in that direction are sure to be made.

To say that Russia has begun her great revolution is no longer a metaphor or a prophecy; it is a fact. And one is amazed to discover how history repeats itself: not in the events, of course, but in the psychology of the opposed forces. The governing class, at any rate, have learned nothing. They remain incapable of understanding the real significance of events which are screened from their eyes by the artificiality of their surroundings. Where a timely yielding, a frank, open-minded recognition of the necessity of new forms of life would have spared the country torrents of blood, they make concessions at the last moment, always in a half-hearted way, and always with the secret intention of soon returning to the old forms. Why have they massacred at least 25,000 men during these ten months, when they had to recognize in October what they refused to recognize in December last?

Why do they continue repression and provoke new massacres, when they will have to recognize in a few months hence universal suffrage as the basis of representative government in Russia, and the legislative autonomy of Poland as the best, the only possible means for keeping the two countries, Russia and

Poland, firmly linked together, just as they were compelled, after having set all the country on fire, to recognize that the honest recognition of Finland's autonomy was the only means of maintaining her bonds with Russia? But no, they will not recognize what is evident to every one as soon as he frees himself from the fools' paradise atmosphere of the St. Petersburg bureaucracy. They will stir up the bitterest civil wars.

Happily enough, there is a more hopeful side to the Russian revolution. The two forces which hitherto have played the leading part in the revolution—namely, the working men in the towns, fraternizing with the younger "intellectuals," and the peasants in the country—have displayed such a wonderful unanimity of action, even where it was not concerted beforehand, and such a reluctance from useless bloodshed, that we may be sure of their ultimate victory. The troops have already been deeply impressed by the unanimity, the self-sacrifice, and the consciousness of their rights displayed by the workmen in their strikes; and now that the St. Petersburg workmen have begun to approach in a spirit of straightforward propaganda those who were enrolled in the "Black

Gangs," that other support of autocracy will probably soon be dissolved as well. The main danger lies now in that the statesmen, enamored of "order" and instigated by timorous landlords, might resort to massacres for repressing the peasant rebellions, in which case retaliation would follow to an extent and with consequences which nobody could foretell.

The first year of the Russian revolution has already proved that there is in the Russian people that unity of thought without which no serious change in the political organization of the country would have been possible, and that capacity for united action which is the necessary condition of success. One may already be sure that the present movement will be victorious. The years of disturbance will pass, and Russia will come out of them a new nation; a nation owning an unfathomed wealth of natural resources, and capable of utilizing them; ready to seek the ways for utilizing them in the best interest of all; a nation averse to bloodshed, averse to war, and ready to march toward the higher goals of progress. One of her worst inheritances from a dark past, autocracy, lies already mortally wounded, and will not revive; and other victories will follow.





## The Fascination of Orchids.

By FREDERICK BOYLE.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)

**W**E who have yielded to this charm are not unused to hear it called infatuation, and we do not mind. The speaker shows that he is talking without knowledge, but ignorance on such a subject is not offensive. If men and women did not criticise the tastes of their fellow-creatures unless they understood them, conversation would be more intelligent, no doubt, but much less amusing. It may be worth while, however, to explain where the fascination of orchids lies—or infatuation, if that term be preferred; for there is keen and abiding pleasure to be found in it which persons of very modest income may enjoy if they can be tempted to look into the matter.

Perhaps we orchidists incline to exaggerate the dullness of life for middle-aged folks who have no particular employment for their leisure. Ourselves initiated long ago, and constantly more absorbed, we feel a pity for those unacquainted with our delights, which perhaps they do not need; and yet, is it possible to over-estimate the dreariness of an elderly Briton on a Sunday afternoon in winter, when the sky is lowering, the earth soppy, and he has dined at half-past one? But it is then that the enthusiast enjoys himself. The gardener is away! He can take things down for inspection with his own hands, can make changes and perform operations to which his courage would not be equal, perhaps, under the eye of that functionary. The shed is empty; he can spend happy hours in potting up the last importation,

It may be said that any one who has a greenhouse with a few undistinguished plants in it shares these joys. But such an observation betrays inexperience. The time is winter—none of your azaleas and pelargoniums call for attention then. They only ask to be let alone, and when you have cut out the “dead stuff” and made the pots neat—uninviting duties at best—there is nothing more you can do till spring. With orchids it is very different. Even in the stove there are species always growing, and so, perhaps, wanting comfort of some sort. But the modest elderly Briton of whom I am thinking would favor *Odontogloss* and “cool orchids” mostly, which never cease swelling and pushing roots. It is always desirable to look over these. Insects come and go, mysterious as the wind, wandering roots should be tucked in lest they get broken, this plant has been overlooked in watering, and that has become sodden. One notes the young growths starting, and in the late winter season one peers into the axils of the leaves seeking the tip of the flower spike just beginning to push. Verily, if a man be born with a taste for orchids, as is necessary, according to some, he is born under a lucky star—with a predisposition for those quiet pleasures which make happiness.

There are men who have a dozen greenhouses and a dozen gardeners, yet keep this affection as single-hearted as though they themselves tended every plant; while, in fact, they very rarely touch one among the myriads. That such zealots



exist I know, reckoning some among my acquaintance; and I think their case is the strongest evidence of the fascination. Beauty alone is not a sufficient cause. We take leave to assume that orchids are the loveliest of created things. Clearly the making of them must have been one of the last efforts of the Creator. The first proposition will be warmly disputed, of course; those who understand beauty are even rarer than those who understand orchids. But an ingenuous aesthete, surveying samples of *To Kalon*, and weighing their merits thoughtfully, must give precedence, among all the various forms, to *Odontoglossum crispum*. Maiden's face is not so pure, art not so graceful or so finished. Of such quality are the angels. *Crispum*, indeed, stands alone, but many compete with it in earthly loveliness, if we leave the ethereal aside.

It would be easy to name a dozen—but that word "name" raises a stumbling-block. We think of the flowers with rapture, but if any one ask how they are called, "chilled remembrance shudders o'er" the ugly polysyllables. People seem to fancy that amateurs like these barbarous combinations of Greek and Latin. It is further proof of their inability to comprehend our taste. Just now I wished to name some species which, with careful limitation, might be classed with *Odontoglossum crispum*—itself a title fit for the Beast rather than the Beauty. But how can I hope that the reader will accept my word for the supreme elegance of a flower which is called *Lycaste Skinneri alba* or *Cattleya intermedia virginalis*? If he urged that plants so styled must needs be pernicious growths of gigantic stature, though we ridiculed him we should be obliged to admit that there was a certain air of probability about the notion. In the science as the practice of orchidology all is delightful, except the names. They are the drawback, providing mockery for the vulgar, confusion for the sympathetic, and embarrassment even for the expert.

It is much too late to seek a remedy. The civilized world has accepted our guidance in this matter, and professors discourse upon *Cattleyas* and *Oncidiums*

in every university from China to Peru. The savages employed to gather plants have learned to describe them in what they fondly suppose to be the white man's language. Naked Dyaks in Borneo talk of *Dendrobiums*, and more naked Caribs on the Amazons recognize a *Zygopetalum*. The mischief covers an enormous space, and grows continually. There are not fewer than five thousand varieties and species of orchids in cultivation, not reckoning artificial hybrids, of course, and ten thousand more, at the very least, which, for one reason or another, are not grown. To rename even the families of these would be a tremendous work, and an international agreement would have to be obtained among the botanical servants of the universe—not a class remarkable for geniality or readiness to oblige, by all accounts. Sometimes, however, the task has to be essayed in a single case, where the old descriptive title was misleading on some point. But when that necessity arises the pundits do their best to find a new one equally long and stupid. Probably they have no choice, under the circumstances existing.

But it would have been just as easy, at the beginning, to choose attractive words. The matter is by no means unimportant. In a report upon German education, published a year or two ago, the greater readiness of young people to undertake the study of botany there was attributed to the use of names and terms in the vernacular, which is carried to the utmost extent practicable. We may not be quite convinced that the Teutonic love of knowledge is a factor to be ignored, but most certainly the ponderous array of Latin and Greek in our own school-books deters British students. Instead of being encouraged, the vernacular is carefully suppressed—a child cannot read of buttercups except in Latin, nor of pinks except in Greek. It would be mighty difficult now to find English equivalents for scientific terms. They would have to be manufactured, and we have lost the knack of inventing words. But the necessity will have to be faced if botanical science is to spread among English youth. Perhaps the reader does

not think that likely, whatever be done, and many agree with him.

To return to our orchids. Dr. Lindley, who is more responsible for their abominable names than any other mortal, did diverge into harmony and common sense sometimes—perhaps half a dozen. He knew a young lady called Ada. History tells nothing of her, not even her relations with the learned man; but in a happy moment he named a genus of orchid after her. Another time, perhaps, Dr. Lindley had been reading about the lovely daughters of Caius Laelius, earliest of Roman Bluestockings, and, carrying his enthusiasm to the laboratory, he christened a genus *Laelia*. Or, again, he invented the pleasing word *Vanda* "out of his own head," so far as can be ascertained—proof that the worthy old savant could have produced more of the same sort had he chosen. But we have nearly reached the end of these; the rest seem to be devised as wholesome but needless exercises of memory.

Of course, there was an object in view. It is claimed for these long combinations that they are descriptive, and therefore intelligible all the world over to those who know Greek and Latin. A Russian botanist, or a Peruvian, understands that *Dendrobion* means something that lives on a tree, and *Odontoglosson* something connected with teeth and tongue, though the conventional change of "on" to "um" may puzzle him somewhat. But so far as description goes he is not advanced a jot. A plant living on a tree may belong to any one of a thousand species of orchids, or it may be a fern; for the matter of that, a monkey lives on trees. And where are the teeth or tongue in an *Odontoglossum*? It is a little "problem," such as they set in the ha'penny papers, which even a botanist professed cannot always solve, to show how the name is justified. But this is enough upon a painful theme, the single drawback to our enjoyment.

As I have said, perhaps it is not supreme beauty which gives orchids their fascination. Evidence can be adduced on that point; for if it be not actually indisputable that *Odontoglossum crispum*

is the loveliest of all things, no judge would dispute that it is the loveliest of flowers. But this means the pure white form, such as Nature produced in her happiest mood, uncontaminated by mixture with any alien strain. And all men agreed upon that point thirty years ago. A scientific authority tells me that in youth he spent some time with Messrs. Low, the great importers of that era. As their crispums flowered, every one which had spots was removed, to be sold at a low price, proportionately to their number, size, and obtrusiveness; those heavily "splashed" with a dark color would be almost given away. Only the virgin white were treasured. But all this is revolutionized. Large white crispums, of good form, still have special value, but beside the spotted they are nought. It is these which run into figures too startling to be disclosed. Credible rumor asserts that Mr. H. T. Pitt paid twelve hundred and fifty guineas for "*Persimmon*" two years ago; certain it is that half the plant was offered to Messrs. Sander for a thousand. Rumor asserts, again, that the latter firm received two thousand guineas a few weeks afterward from the same Mr. Pitt for "*Frederick Sander*." The truth is known to very few, and they keep their counsel. But one could name scores of spotted crispums in England, France and Belgium which are formally valued by experts at one to three thousand guineas; and nobody has ventured to appraise Baron Schroder's peerless "*apiatum*." That is the Cullinan of flowers.

Their merit dwells in the size, arrangement, color and showiness of the blotches. Purity, which is the highest loveliness, does not count now in itself; it must be of supreme perfection to rank with a colored form of the third class. Therefore I said that the beauty of the finest orchids does not suffice to explain their fascination; for the spots are defects—the more of them, and the more conspicuous, the greater the degeneracy. They are caused by the introduction of inferior strains. Observant men suspected so much from the first; now it is proved by experiment. Long ago they suggested

that Odonts, Wilckeanum and Denisoniae might probably be the offspring of crispum and luteo-purpureum, crossed in the wild state. The very first Odonto hybrids raised by M. Leroy, gardener to Baron Edmond de Rothschild, confirmed the theory. Other cases have been verified. Upon internal evidence, *Od. Wattianum* was pronounced a natural hybrid of the worthless *Lindleyanum* and the superb *Harryanum*, the sepals and petals taking after the first, but larger and of deeper color; the lip, with its purple dots on a white ground, and long triangle purple and white, after the second. Now the cross has been made both ways—that is, with the parents exchanged—and both produce varying forms of *Wattianum*. *Adrianae* was confidently pronounced a natural hybrid of *crispum* and *Hunnewellianum* many years before the fact was proved.

But the demonstration that many plants which we reckon species are the result of accidental unions in the forests of South America opens up a series of embarrassing possibilities; for man can perform that operation at will, choosing such species as he thinks likely to have the effect desired. What prevents him from raising artificially, in any number, even those marvels which Nature, dependent on rare chance, supplies perhaps only once in a century? Amateurs who have paid hundreds and thousands for a spotted *crispum* begin to ponder this question with growing anxiety. Those who have the finest examples may reasonably hope that the "slump" will not come in their time. It is no single alliance which produced the elaborate and complicated pattern of their treasures, the strange mottlings of red and purple, cinnamon and chocolate. The work must have been effected by crosses and inter-crosses of endless complexity through unlimited time. Thoughtful ingenuity cannot yet even suggest how the most notable specimens came into being—what strange contacts produced them. Not for an indefinite number of years can science hope to discover, unless by accident, to what combinations they may be assigned. But these are the most re-

markable and the costliest. Many a good fellow who has been carried by enthusiasm so far as to pay a hundred or two, which he could ill afford, for a spotted *crispum* has no such reason to feel confidence. The markings on his flower can be interpreted. It seems not improbable that at a second, or even the first attempt, the base plagiarist may succeed in turning out something like a facsimile. He works so quick, too, performing in a few years the operations over which Nature, in her leisurely way, spent ages.

An incident at the Temple Show of 1903 proved the alarm to be not unreasonable. Among the orchids sent from Belgium was a "spotted *Pescatorei*" of high class. The judges did not feel quite sure about it; but time pressed. The exhibitor ranks among the first in his country. After a moment's hesitation they awarded him a first-class certificate; but, examining the plant at leisure afterwards, they found that it was certainly an artificial hybrid. The Belgian, summoned to explain, ingenuously confessed that he had raised it himself. Equally frank was his reply when asked how he could commit such a fraud: "I thought my hybrid would sell better as a natural variety!" The honest man was not disappointed, either, for some innocent Briton had given him three hundred guineas. Probably he claimed them back after the exposure. But when things have already reached the point that a nurseryman can imitate some natural eccentricity to the value of three hundred guineas, holders of the genuine article may well feel nervous. It is not yet fifteen years since M. Leroy flowered the very first *Odontoglossum* hybrid ever raised. If in that brief space unscrupulous "growers" have gone so far already, how long will the grandest specimens be safe?

But all this is part of the fascination. It tends to rouse interest and to keep it alive. No other class of plant is subject to "alarums and excursions" of the sort. A few splashes of brown do not raise the value of a lily or an azalea from a shilling or less to a thousand guineas

or more. In what other department is the collector pursued by hybridists, who threaten to reproduce his unique and priceless specimen by hundreds? There are high and mighty twaddlers who would have us despise the money question in dealing with art. Men of sense do not waste time in refuting them. While the price of paintings, antiquities, books, orchids and such-like is ruled by fashion, mysterious and irresponsible, the purchase of them must always be something of a gamble, and thus it appeals to one of the strongest passions in human nature. For all the denudation of the forests which has been asserted for years back—truly enough, for that matter—imported crispums, not remarkable for size or vigor, still fetch a shilling or thereabouts at auction. Any single plant of these, on flowering, may prove to be worth a fortune. Most experts flatter themselves that they can distinguish some at least of those which differ from the bulk. As a rule it is no more than a fond fancy. "Persimmon," of which I spoke, was bought with eleven others, by a small dealer, as a speculation at eighteenpence apiece. He offered them all round at a moderate advance. Not till every amateur and nurseryman of his acquaintance had declined the bargain, did he make up his mind, in despair, to "grow them on." And "Persimmon," sold for twelve hundred and fifty guineas, was the first that flowered. For his incomparable "Lady Jane" Mr. J. W. Potter gave one shilling. Is there any form of gambling more attractive to the virtuous, such as grow orchids?

I have said that they were the last effort of the Creator. We do not concern ourselves with science for the most part. The genera and the species which savants contemplate with a rapture of bewilderment, perceiving structures unaccountable and anomalies beyond explanation, are seldom handsome or even conspicuous. If any one ask about a plant he has heard of, the reply that it is "botanical" silences inquiry. That is a formula meaning that it has no interest for ordinary mortals. Of course, we

know something of our Darwin, and amuse the ladies by showing how *Catasetum* shoots its pollen like a gun when you pull the trigger, or how an insect inevitably climbs out by a certain path when it tumbles into the labellum of *Cynoches*. But few of us go much beyond that sort of thing, I fancy; it is the practical business, the culture, the treatment that gives the best possible results, which occupies our time. But very little science is needed to perceive that orchids must have come into the world when conditions with which we are familiar had already been established. It is absolutely impossible for many genera, perhaps for most, to fertilize their own seed. They are dependent upon insects, practically on winged insects, often of a very complicated structure. Darwin's assertion that *Angraecum sesquipedale* of Madagascar—called *Aeranthus sesquipedalis* of late—must cease to multiply if a certain moth, never seen nor heard of, became extinct, was thought extra-vacant. The moth has not been discovered even now, but every one admits that it must exist and Darwin was right. Geologists assure us, however, that though Mayflies and beetles lived in the carboniferous era, bees and the like could not have appeared before the tertiary, when bushes had leaves and plants had some sort of flower; and the complex forms necessary for the reproduction of so many orchids were still distant. Therefore this Order must have been one of the latest to appear.

The same conclusion is reached by another path. Authorities do not quite agree upon the sequence of colors developed when the efflorescence of plants began to change from its original green. But all recognize that yellow, white and red were well established before blue made its appearance. That is still, by very far, the least common of primary tints among flowers, though we might not suppose so when it abounds in our gardens. That is because men have been so eager to collect all the examples they found. Among orchids, however, blue is so extremely rare that of five thousand epiphytal varieties, say, in cultivation,

not more than a dozen probably could be named; if the genus *Zygopetalum* were excluded not more than six. In fact, putting this aside, there is only one common—*Vanda caerulea*, of which, indeed, the blue is still so undecided that three out of four can only be called bluish-white. Some say that the depth of color depends upon the season, and a pale plant will flower blue when it has sun enough; while a blue plant will flower pale when the spring has been more cloudy than usual. I have never been able to satisfy myself on this point by personal experience, but it would seem that *Vanda caerulea* is much more commonly and deeply blue upon the Continent. However, the point is that this hue appears very rarely indeed among orchids, because, as we may conclude, sufficient time has not yet elapsed for its diffusion, or, indeed, for its development, seeing how indistinct it is when present generally. Perhaps it should be added that there are several terrestrial orchids as blue as the sky. They are very, very rarely seen in this country, and still more rarely live beyond the season.

This is not wandering from our theme, for all that tends to distinguish orchids from other Orders of plant strengthens their fascination for the thoughtful; also it is an attraction for millionaires—often the only one. I was showing once how poor men might grow orchids, and how desirable it is that they should take up the pursuit, when a leader of these gilded personages exclaimed: "Then we shall have to give them up!" He regretted the outburst evidently, but henceforward I knew the worth of that capitalist's enthusiasm. He represents the vast majority of rich amateurs. Some there are most assuredly who love their orchids, but I acknowledge that their affection seems to me as curious as creditable. Of science they know nothing. They cannot have any interest in those myriads of plants, as individuals; cannot tend nor even know them by sight, except one here and there. Those who can love an abstraction are necessarily few. To feel the charm of gardening in any department one must have a personal acquaint-

ance with each object. Especially does this rule apply to orchids, which may suffer grave damage in a short time if some mischance be overlooked. Not that they are delicate—no plants will bear such ill-treatment or live in such unnatural conditions. But they will dwindle and cease to flower. In a rich man's house there are or should be gardeners enough to watch every pot; "XL" is sprayed at the first suspicion of an insect anywhere, regardless of cost; everything is of the best. A poor man, whose single gardener does not profess to be an orchidist, probably has to work himself at supervision, if not always at hand-labor. But there lies happiness.

The notion of a poor man growing orchids seems fantastic, but that is only because people are so ill-informed upon the subject. It appears to be accepted as a working rule by speculative builders that every one able to pay more than £40 a year for a house in the suburbs wants a "bit of glass." Too often the structures are utilized for cleaning knives and boots apparently, but the jerry-builder continues to provide them. And he must be presumed to understand the tastes and desires of his public. Suppose a man at £50 yearly rent, with one of these ramshackle greenhouses thrown in, should dream of filling it with cool orchids instead of pelargoniums and odds and ends, what would the eccentric fancy cost him? At Protheroe and Morris's, without delay or difficulty, he could buy a hundred crispums and *Pescatoreis*, established plants, bearing, or certain to bear, good spikes, for £5. Another sovereign or two, judiciously expended, would provide him with a selection of *Lycastes*, *Masdevallias*, and others. For that expenditure of capital his little house would be full. Let us consider working expenses. In the first place he wants no gardener—a manual costing 3s. 6d. at the outside would tell him everything he needs to learn—so simple is the culture of these species. Peat used to be a serious item, for it must be of a certain quality; but a Belgian philanthropist discovered some few years ago that leaf-mould is infinitely more suitable, and



generously published the information. If made of oak leaves it is best, but our modest collector will do very well with the stuff commonly sold at 2s the bag—enough to repot all his plants twice over when they need it. Sphagnum moss he can gather for himself on his Sunday stroll, if there be woods accessible in the neighborhood. What other charge has to be met, saving the expense of keeping out the frost in winter and the sun in summer? I think of none, for he need not concern himself with insecticides—all his plants can be dipped in an hour. As for excluding the frost, it is much better, of course, to have pipes, and the firing apparatus, whatever it may be, outside the house; but an oil lamp will do no harm, unless one of those old-fashioned winters should recur when the glass stands below freezing for a month on end. I am quite sure that it is not necessary, though desirable, to keep the temperature at a minimum of 45 degrees, as we used to do, much more at 50 degrees, as is the practice now.

Further, it must be remembered that if our friend resolve to buy small unpublished crispums and *Pescatoreis* and "grow them on," though he will pay perhaps twice as much for them, he may cherish a delightful hope that some, or one, may prove to be worth a hundred guineas—or a thousand, while he is about it. Such happy chances have befallen many a poor man. Meanwhile he has months or years of calm enjoyment, ministering to his pets before the flower spikes appear; then weeks of rapturous suspense as "spots" glimmer through the casing of the buds, still tightly folded. Will they be large enough, and arranged with such symmetry, as to win the plant a first-class certificate, a name, and a great price, or will they be mere dots without character? Not for many days, perhaps, will he know. The latter issue is too probable, but at least the joys of hope have been his.

And the pauper in his £50 hut can hybridize as well as the millionaire, or better. He may make his hundred guinea wonders for himself. If the propagation of *Odontoglots* be difficult and

uncertain, it is not made a bit easier nor more assured by expensive contrivances and surroundings. Rather one may suspect that the operation succeeds more frequently in a rough place where the painter and glazier are much wanted, than in a building all spick and span. And this is true of ordinary cultivation. The late Mr. Smee, to whom we owe the record of so many curious experiments on orchids, housed his collection in sheds with walls of packing-cases, convinced that this airy fashion was more suitable than brick. I think I have mentioned that the first *Odontoglossum* hybrid flowered in 1890—only fifteen years ago. Before that event most growers had learned to accept it as a mysterious but unquestionable law that the genus could not be fertilized—regularly, at least. Efforts innumerable had failed; *Cattleyas*, *Cypripeds*, *Dendrobies* might be artificially reproduced, but not *Odontoglots*. M. Leroy exploded this error, and now we are asking how it could be that experiments failed so long. Though the operation is very much more likely to be unsuccessful in the case of these plants, though much less seed germinates and of that much less thrives, in spite of all, *Odontoglossum* seedlings are numbered by hundreds of thousands at present in this country; perhaps there are more still in France and Belgium. Not many crosses have flowered yet—I think about a score—but they are all notable, some marvellous. A longer time is needed for these than for most to reach the blooming age; but in ten years hundreds of new *Odontoglots* will be added to the list.

Worthy souls can still be found who protest against hybridization. It does much harm, they say, and no good, confusing the evidence on which science depends, while the results are not so beautiful as those produced by Nature. We sympathize with these stubborn purists, but we do not argue with them. No injury can be done to science in this age of the world, when all facts relating to such varieties as the hybridizer would use are known and registered. As for the beauty of the products, every one must judge for himself, but the vast ma-

jority has pronounced. Hybridization to me appears a semi-divine function, though performed by rather grimy mortals with a black "clay" in their pockets probably, if not in their mouths. It actually creates a new form of life, and one lovelier, more vigorous, than those from which it proceeded—for the hybrid always has a stronger constitution than its parents. This is a merit of the process which its enemies grudgingly acknowledge. But the interest of hybridization stretches far beyond the superficial points I have dealt with. It suggests grave considerations which can only be hinted in an article which I have tried to make chatty and "popular." Such abnormal unions of species and even genera—not only unnatural but impossible, according to the recognized laws—

have proved fruitful, that the science of orchidology is threatened with revolution. If the public cared to listen I might go into that hazardous subject one day.

Meanwhile almost every one who grows orchids, professional or amateur, is hybridizing. On such a scale it is practiced already that great dealers have reduced their importations of the natural species enormously, and one of them foresees the time when all the orchids he wants will be raised on the premises. To me that seems a pleasing fancy, though some of my friends regard it as an evil dream—as unsubstantial as other dreams, happily. There is much to be urged on either side, but it would be mostly technical; and my space is full.

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## THE OCCULT MADONNA.

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By J. C. POWYS.

(From the Occult Review.)

She is the mother of all things  
By the world's engines outcast thrown:  
Where they are she is: hope she brings  
To those beneath the Nether Stone:  
Incorporate with the air and mould,  
She moves through regions manifold.

Evasive, fleeting, blown like chaff  
Across the chill and pallid dawn;  
A touch, a sign, a breath, a laugh,  
Then once again the Curtain's drawn:  
Yet Memory, roused from ruined days,  
Turns comforted, and goes her ways.

Unbound, unharbour'd, toss'd like scum  
Along wild shores and desolate seas,  
A trail of weed—a track of foam—  
A murmur of the hurry breeze;  
Yet, clinging to the drowning mast,  
Despair discerns her at the last.

Inurn'd, enwrapt, seal'd with the mole,  
And shrouded in the worm's embrace;  
A mattock's heave, a coffin's roll,  
A shudder through the soundless place:  
Yet from its everlasting bed  
Death hears the Occult Madonna's tread.

## The Chinaman in California and in South Africa.

By WILLIAM MAITLAND.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

**H**AVING spent the last twenty years in California, and employed during that time, along with much other labor, a considerable number of Chinese, and having also had many opportunities of observing that people, I may possibly be justified in claiming to know something about them, or at least about that part of them which emigrates to California. It was, therefore, with great surprise and disappointment that I read from day to day of the unsatisfactory relations which existed between them and their employers, and between them and the rest of the population in South Africa. Their work and their conduct have been apparently so unsatisfactory that their employers have had to punish them both for laziness and insubordination, and have exercised so much severity in the infliction of these punishments, that questions were asked in Parliament, and Government has now issued some regulations to control them.

All this is, or ought to be, quite inexplicable to a Californian. It should be still more inexplicable that this singularly law-abiding people should, when they succeed in deserting from the mines, become dangerous criminals and wantonly attack, rob and even murder neighboring settlers. One is quite prepared to hear the usual outcry, more or less justified, against Chinese immigration coming from the white working men, and nowhere has this outcry been heard more loudly than in California, where, for

over twenty years, further Chinese immigration has been excluded. Not only that, but the products of the labor of those already in the country have been strenuously boycotted, and manufacturers, farmers, fruit growers, or families who employed them as laborers, or servants, were often, when feeling ran high, boycotted, and subjected to much annoyance. On one occasion, while living on my vineyard, the inhabitants of a small neighboring town drove the Chinese from that district and called upon me to dismiss my Chinese cook, the only Chinaman I had working for me at the time. This I declined to do, and we were immediately boycotted, the butcher and other tradesmen refusing to supply us with meat and provisions, the smith to shoe our horses, mend tools, etc. In a few months the excitement subsided, and although I retained my Chinaman, and even employed others to work on the vineyard, friendly relations were again established with the neighbors. During all those years, when the Chinese were being persecuted and driven out of districts where they were carrying on their legitimate occupations, I cannot recall one single instance of retaliation on their part.

I may also add that while white labor objected most strongly to the Chinese race, and showed its objection in an often too forcible way, I have never known any ill-feeling shown to them individually by their white fellow-laborers, and this

is not to be wondered at, as they are a most good-natured and obliging set of men. As servants they are excellent, one Chinaman doing the cooking and house and laundry work of quite a large family. They also seem to become attached to families where they have been well treated, and remain on, often for many years, like the old family servants once so common and now so rare in this country. They are fond of children and always kind to them, and the American child is generally a good deal more exacting than children are, or at least were, in this country.

They have the immense advantage of never drinking whisky, or, at least, of never drinking it to excess, an advantage which cannot be overestimated, and it is a curious thing in America that people from the south of Europe, French, Swiss, Italians, Portuguese, Austrians, etc., etc., all perfectly temperate in their own countries, drink quite as badly as those from northern Europe, or as Americans, when they arrive in the United States. Chinese, of course, smoke opium, but not the class of which I am speaking, laborers and servants; and in over twenty years' experience I have never seen a sign of it among them, except on one occasion when a cook we had threw out the most important piece of our Christmas dinner, instead of serving it. It was annoying at the time, but, after all, we have often laughed over it since, and looking back over the hundred and one vexations occasioned by drink, I cannot remember one about which I felt inclined to laugh, either at the time or since. Chinese of the class above them, shopkeepers, merchants, contractors, etc., seem to smoke opium a great deal, for although I have never had very much to do with them, I have several times found them so much under the influence of the drug that they were unable to transact business; but then this was not the class against whom the outcry was raised and who were excluded.

Another curious fact about these Chinese is that, while they are supposed to be capable of great cruelties in their own country, such, for instance, as the pun-

ishments meted out to criminals there, my experience of them is that they are a very gentle, kindly people, and I think nothing proves this more than their kindness to animals. As market gardeners they peddle vegetables round the country, and no one ever saw one of these men, or indeed any Chinaman, often with a heavy load in a hilly country, driving horses which were not sleek and well cared for, and the Chinaman can always find time to feed and water his horses on the road. In this respect I should rank the American next, then the Englishman, then the German, and a very, very long way behind them, the Italians and other southern Europeans.

Let it also be remembered that all Chinese are educated. I never saw one who could not read and write. They are a singularly law-abiding people, but I must qualify this by again reminding my readers that I am only speaking of the laboring class, for there is a good deal of crime among one section of them.

In San Francisco the Chinese live in the oldest part of that very modern city, in what is now known as Chinatown. There you can see street after street filled with stores of all kinds, from the big merchants' or bankers' very ornate offices to the smallest possible little crib, where you can see the owner sitting at his window working at some small handicraft. There are almost streets of bric-a-brac shops, filled with the wonderfully beautiful products of China and Japan, which do a large business with the traveling American public. The Chinese have their Joss houses (temples) and their theatres, and there are a large number of gambling houses besides other immoral resorts. Any night, and especially during their festivals, you can see a most wonderful crowd in Chinatown, from the fat, prosperous merchant—all prosperous Chinese seem to grow fat—to the little wizened fellow probably eking out a livelihood at some small handicraft, and a large number of servants who, their work uptown being done, have come down to spend the evening with their countrymen, also a few laborers in from the country. Of their women

you see a few "small foot" ladies, always wives of rich men, for such a possession seems to be regarded as a great luxury; then the larger footed women, wives of less wealthy men, and a good many of a less desirable character, and a number of children dressed in the most brilliant colored silks, the prettiest and most picturesque little creatures imaginable.

Underlying all this, however, there is a most dangerous element, a class of men known as "Highbinders." Whether this word is American, or the corruption of some Chinese word, I do not know, but, in any case, they are a dangerous criminal class and guilty of many crimes of a somewhat peculiar character. It is one of the regular sights of San Francisco to get, for choice, a policeman, but, if not, another guide to take you round and show you what I may call underground Chinatown. He will take you to opium dens, where you will see the unfortunate victims of this vice in every stage of intoxication from the drug, and he will also show you other abominations of various sorts. I have never had any desire to go this round; if I had, I might have been able to write as understandingly about the Chinatown Chinese as I can about those working in the country. As I understand it, however, all the Chinese were brought over by seven powerful companies, which, while they may act together on any general question affecting the race, are distinct and continue to receive tribute from the men they brought over—possibly only till they have received back the money expended on their passages, etc.; and, on the other hand, they undertake to return their bones to China should they die in California. The men brought over by each company also remain distinct and form what they call a "Tong," and between these Tong, or some sections of them, there is a continual feud which, always smoldering, breaks out at intervals with great violence, and many murderous assaults and murders are committed by the Highbinders of the respective Tong. Whether these Highbinders, as is alleged, commit their crimes as hired

assassins, or on their own account, I do not know.

This is the only form of violent crime which can be charged against the Chinese; and in California, where murders and murderous assaults are innumerable from the bad habit of carrying pistols, and where convictions are very rare, this Chinese crime can form but an infinitesimal percentage. It must be noticed also that these Chinese crimes are committed against each other, and not against the other inhabitants of California. The reverse cannot be said, for, while many Chinese have been murdered by white men, I can only recall one instance in which a Chinaman shot a white woman, and then he intended not to shoot her but the man who was seated beside her. There were mitigating circumstances, so that when tried, he was acquitted, which, however, did not avail him much, as he was lynched the same evening.

I have mentioned that there are a large number of gambling houses in Chinatown. The Chinaman is a confirmed gambler, and no doubt gambling is against the law of the land; but as no one in San Francisco pays much, if any, attention to the law of the land, and as that city, especially under its present municipal government, is run "wide open" as it is called, and there are any number of gambling hells to which white men resort, I do not see that we have any great reason to blame our Mongolian friend if, following our example, he does not abandon his favorite vice. I am also told that the Chinese, Bret Harte notwithstanding, have the exceptional merit of always playing fair. Gambling has, however, flourished in Chinatown, and has formed one of the most lucrative sources of income for the police force of San Francisco. Some months ago, one of the three commissioners of police, having been informed how things were being run, determined to make an investigation on his own account, and went down to Chinatown, remaining on the outskirts. He sent some men to station themselves outside the gambling houses which were running full blast, and then sent word to the police captain in charge



of the squad on duty in Chinatown to come and meet him, as he wished to see for himself about the Chinese gambling. A few minutes after the captain received this message there was not a man nor a light to be seen in any one of the houses, and the captain was able to conduct his commissioner through the streets where they are situated, and prove to him how well the police were putting down gambling.

Nevertheless this too inquisitive commissioner was not satisfied, and the following evening he made a tour of inspection himself without giving any warning, and the police, feeling, no doubt, that after so recent and satisfactory a visit they had no reason to fear any further impertinent intrusion on their preserves, he found the gambling houses doing a roaring trade. The matter was taken up and investigated by the grand jury, and under their cross-examination this captain of police confessed, and indeed handed over a considerable sum of money which he had collected from the owners of the houses. According to his statement there was an arrangement between the police and the owners that, in consideration of the payment of a sum of, I think, \$3,500 per month, their houses were not to be molested, and that they were to receive due notice of any danger, and furthermore that if either through neglect of the police in giving such warning, or through their having to make an occasional raid and haul up some offenders to show their strict attention to duty, the fines imposed were to be deducted from the next monthly payment. The money was collected regularly and distributed among the force according to rank. It is only fair to say that, when the matter was investigated before the commissioners, the chief of police denied all knowledge of such an arrangement and denied ever having received any of the plunder, but he was dismissed from his position for neglect of duty, and the Mayor of San Francisco, horrified, no doubt, at the misdirected energy of this all too inquisitive police commissioner, discovered that he was a man of a not sufficiently high moral character to hold so

important a position and got rid of him.

The story may sound quite incredible to my readers; but they can see it for themselves in the reports in the San Francisco papers of the investigations before the grand jury and the police commission. At the same time I am afraid that I must admit that the Chinese of Chinatown are great gamblers; but I do not think that they gamble to any extent in their labor camps in the country, although they may do so.

It now remains to speak of their work. They are very hard-working and really intelligent workers, and, when fairly treated, are very easily managed. They will not, however, stand bullying or ill-treatment, and more than one foreman on the Pacific coast had to run, or thought he had to run, for his life when he had tried it on them, but then, perhaps, bullies are easily scared. This, however, is the difficulty; and although there are many foremen in California who like them and can manage them easily, there are many more, excellent hands at running a white crew, who can do nothing with them. They do not recognize that the Chinaman is no ignorant savage like the Red Indian, the negro, or the Kaffir, but an intelligent civilized man. No doubt their civilization is different from ours, but it is, at least, far more ancient, and I am inclined to believe that this very quality, the thousands of years during which it has existed, has impressed it more on the Chinese than our more recent civilization has as yet impressed itself on the average white man, and that to it they owe many of their most valuable characteristics, their kindliness, their intelligence, their patient endurance, their self-restraint, often a strong artistic sense, and above all a high sense of honor in all their dealings.

The best way to manage them is to choose, or better still to let them choose, one of their number as "boss," and give him a little extra pay. Such a man will do his very best to give every satisfaction, and, understanding his men, can get far more out of them than any outsider. I have spoken of their high sense of honor in their dealings, and this seems

to be characteristic of the race, for we find it repeatedly referred to by many British representatives, merchants and others in China. I have never known a Chinaman in California leave one in the lurch, and I have known men who had given notice that they were going to leave stay on, often at great inconvenience to themselves, when I had not been able to find any one to replace them; nor have I ever known them to take advantage of their employer when he was in a tight place, as, for example, with a fruit crop ripe and needing picking, to strike for higher wages. This, with other nationalities, and especially with the Japanese, although one finds many exceptions, is too often the case.

At the same time, the Chinaman will work for no starvation wage, but requires and obtains the full equivalent of the value of his labor. At present a good laborer receives about 5s. a day and boards himself, a cook from £8 to £9 per month with board. With such wages, spending little or nothing on drink, they save money rapidly unless they gamble it. They live fairly well, and are far from niggardly, and a Chinese servant rarely runs up to town for a day or two without bringing back some little offerings, usually in most excellent taste, for the lady and children of the household.

At last, when they have saved their little fortune, these men return to China, and small though their number may be, relatively to the vast population of that country, who shall say that they may not be the little grain of leaven which is slowly but surely leavening the whole mass; and that, returning from the Great Republic where they have seen and enjoyed the blessings of freedom and independence, they may not be one of the most important of the forces which are preparing the way for that reformation of their country of which the evidence is becoming every day more apparent?

So much for the Chinamen in California; let us now see how their condition compares with that of their fellow countrymen in South Africa under British rule, and we may then be able to understand why their work there is so unsatis-

factory as to require the infliction of the brutal punishment of flogging, and why this remarkably lawabiding and inoffensive race should, in Africa, and in Africa alone of all the many countries they go to, have suddenly broken out into a series of assaults, murders and other serious crimes, so that the government has been obliged to distribute arms among the neighboring settlers, and to authorize any one to arrest any stray Chinaman he may find, which, of course, means that he may and will be shot down if he resists arrest.

The first and all-important distinction between them is that the Chinaman in South Africa is imported under contract, while the laws of the United States do not allow any labor to come into that country under contract. They do not allow any one to go to a country where labor is low, or, in fact, to any country and contract for labor, and this law was passed on account of the gross abuses which the contract system had given rise to. Such labor would be returned from the first port at which it was attempted to land it. As a consequence, every laborer must arrive in the United States a free man, when he immediately learns the current rate of wages, and has no difficulty in getting them. And this is not the only objection to the system. Agents, probably natives, must be employed in China to recruit these laborers, and these men are naturally paid a commission of so much per head.

Let us take a similar class of men in this country, the crimps in seaports, and remember that, notwithstanding all the legislation, checks, and system which we have to control them, these men are continually guilty of most gross outrages, not one-hundredth part of which is ever known, owing to the ignorance and helplessness of their victims. Such being the case, can we believe that these agents in China are not guilty of every conceivable sort of falsehood and misrepresentation to enlist the laborers and get them to sign the contract:—if not, they are different from the same class of men in every country in the world. It is true that one precaution is taken: the men

must go before an inspector of some sort, who sees that they are physically sound and suitable; but this is a precaution taken for the protection of the employer.

It may also be that this inspector is required to explain to them the nature of the contract they have to sign; but, after all, these gentlemen are there to facilitate and not to check the expedition of the laborers, and may—I do not profess to know—also be paid by results. In any case, what does all this amount to? Is there any one there who explains to these unfortunate men that 1s. 6d. or 2s. a day, while it would mean great affluence to them in China, is in South Africa only a small fraction of the wage which a free laborer demands and obtains; that they are going there to undertake work which requires a skilled laborer, which takes time to learn, and which is a severe physical strain until one has had very considerable practice in it; and above all that if, under all these trying circumstances, he is insubordinate, or unwilling, or incapable of performing his allotted task, he will be unmercifully flogged, or otherwise tortured? On the contrary, we may be quite sure that facts like these are not disclosed. Many of these men probably have had friends or relations in California who, after some years of labor, have returned to their native villages with their savings, rich men, at least in that country, and they never doubt that they are going to enjoy the same, or even more favorable conditions under the great British Government.

There is another thing which can be most clearly read between the lines of the press telegrams respecting these Chinese outrages and the steps taken to prevent their recurrence, and it is that the South African puts them on a par with the Kaffir, the African savage whose place they came to take. I have never, and I am glad of it, had any experience of labor of this kind; but I can quite imagine that it is difficult to manage men only one step removed above the lower animals, as one would manage intelligent civilized labor. As I have explained above, the Chinaman is es-

entially a civilized man, and, different though his civilization may be from our own, it is a factor which must be reckoned with.

The best fruit of civilization is freedom, and so long as these Chinamen feel that they are in slavery—and it is slavery when men can be flogged and tortured like beasts for not doing the amount of work required of them—and so long as they cannot be discharged by their employer, or discharge themselves, and so long as they feel this and that they have been enticed into this slavery by falsehood and misrepresentation, there will be no peace on the Rand. To me, accustomed to the employment of free men, both white and Chinese, and to the pleasant relations which have always existed between us, such a condition of affairs is inexpressibly horrible; and it is quite inconceivable to me that the superintendents of these mines, responsible for the progress of the work, should be willing to continue to hold their positions, unless they have the power of discharging any laborers who are not satisfactory, and unless the men have an equal right to give notice and leave.

Any other condition is slavery, and the work can only be carried on by the infliction of bodily punishment. It is, in fact, far worse than slavery, for the master who owns a slave has the same interest in caring for him that he has in caring for his horses, or other animals, but in this case these mine owners have no such interest in these Chinese, and it matters not to them whether they live or die, or what misery they endure, so long as they do the work required of them and their owners reap the benefit.

Apart from all this cruelty, I cannot but believe that such a policy is economically wrong. South Africa has drawn largely on California for its mining talent, and if there is one thing we Californian miners know, it is that cheap and inexperienced labor cannot be profitable. We have learned that the only cheap labor there is the employment of the very best and most experienced men we can find at the highest current rate of wages. That rate of wages may be

high, and it may be too high to be profitable, but we know that we make our position worse, instead of better, by employing an inferior class of labor at a lower rate. In mining camps, farms, etc., in California, one frequently sees men come along who offer to work for their board, which is even cheaper than Chinese labor on the Rand; but we generally give them a meal and let them go on, as we know that men who are worth anything do not need to travel the country hunting their board.

I can imagine the expression of a first-class foreman in California, if told to take an ordinary crew of Chinamen and start drilling rock. I cannot conceive any rate of wages which would not be too high for the work they could do. As time as well as cheapness must always be an object in mining, I would rather take a picked crew of Cornishmen at 10s. a day, or more, than an ordinary gang of Chinese at 2s., to drill rock. Individual Chinamen there are who can drill. I once saw one who was a first-rate hand, and no doubt some of the 50,000 now on the Rand may become so in time; but drilling rock is not a question of strength, but an art which is rarely acquired to perfection unless the man was practically born to it, as most Cornish and other first-class miners are. As, however, I have never been in South Africa and know nothing of the technical conditions governing mining there, I can, of course, only speak in general terms on this subject.

I believe it will be found that the whole of this trouble originates from the London Boards putting pressure on their managers and superintendents in South Africa to send them larger returns, at the least possible expense, so that they may be able to pay dividends on the monstrously inflated capitals which they have foisted on to a too credulous public, and it is their sins, therefore, which are being expiated by the Chinese. I can see no reason for their being allowed to do this, if it can only be done by a continuance of the present cruel system. It is no function of a modern government to assist any one section of the com-

munity to obtain labor at a starvation rate of wages, such as is paid to these Chinese. On the contrary, governments have generally erred, in my opinion, in an opposite direction, by enacting a vast number of unpractical and vexatious regulations which have seriously interfered with the freedom of the labor market, alike to the detriment of employers and employed. Nor can I understand how the working men of England, in whose hand the political power now lies, should tolerate the continuance of a system so greatly to their disadvantage. The Boer war was undertaken to acquire the territory, or at least the control of a territory, in which these mines are situated, and was carried on at a fearful expenditure of blood and money to which the working classes contributed at least as much as the promoters, speculators and investors in these mines; and to-day they are suffering terribly from the crippled condition to which that war has reduced the industries of the country. They now find themselves shut out from any participation in the only advantage which the acquisition of these mines could have brought them by their own government sanctioning the employment of these Chinese under conditions which render it impossible for any free laborer to find work in them, oblivious of the fact that the best working miners in the world, and probably the only men who could save these mines from the ruin which is impending over them, are Englishmen. We are told most glibly that white men could not work in the mines in South Africa. I wonder if the men who know so much about it are aware that in the lower levels of the celebrated Comstock mines in Nevada, where there were many English miners at work, the heat was so great that the mining had to be done in three shifts of twenty minutes each, each shift working in the face almost naked and then drawing back to the shaft to cool themselves beside a great pile of ice kept there for the purpose, and wait till their turn came round again. I need not say, however, that they were not doing this for 1s. 6d. a day.

There is another class to whom I would appeal on behalf of these unfortunate people. These South African mines are, I understand, largely owned, managed and manipulated by Jews. We all know how sensitive the Jews are, and how they appeal, and never in vain, to the Christian public when their co-religionists are attacked and ill-treated in Russia and other countries. We know also that the peasantry of these countries are not wholly without justification for their hatred of their victims, who have too often held them in an intolerable bondage of debt from which they could not escape, and this while it does not excuse the cruelties to which they are subjected, at least explains them. To the Jews, then, I appeal on behalf of these inoffensive people who, beguiled by specious promises, left their distant homes in the expectation of being able by hard and laborious toil to return to them with a small competency, and who now find themselves strangers in a strange land, put to labor they do not understand and are mostly ill-fitted for, and, when unable to accomplish their allotted tasks, cruelly tortured until, unable longer to endure their misery, they break out, and in their despair are guilty of acts for which they can scarcely be held responsible. As the Jews have so often asked for sympathy and help for their co-religionists, I ask their sympathy and help for these Chinese, all the more as from the position they hold in these mines they have the power, if they have the will, to alleviate the misery they have to a great extent caused. I hope I may not appeal in vain.

Under any circumstances, I cannot understand how flogging Kaffirs or Chinese can be any more legal in South Africa than it would be to flog a servant in this country. but, if it is, then England, having the right to revise and amend the laws of her colonies, is responsible for all this cruelty, and has

added another to the long list of wrongs inflicted by her on the natives of China.

About the cruelties practiced there can be unfortunately no mistake. To be convinced one has only to read the circumstantial account given by Mr. Frank C. Boland in a letter to the "*Morning Leader*" of what he had himself seen and been told by men who had themselves ordered the punishments to be inflicted. And the conduct of the Chinese bears out this testimony, for I read to-day of their having been fired on for being insubordinate and refusing to work, and of 100 of them who deserted from some mine because some one had started a story that the Boers were enlisting men at \$4 a day to fight against the English. No one who knows the Chinese will believe that it is the \$4 which is tempting these men, who only a few weeks ago landed, feeling grateful to England for the opportunity they believed she was giving them, and who are now willing to give their lives to be avenged on her for the cruel wrongs she has suffered to be perpetrated on them. We may picket the mines with troops, and arm all the neighboring settlers, and take every precaution we like; but we are driving these men to despair, and while this evil system continues, this outbreak of crime will increase instead of abating. It is their revenge for the slavery in which they are held and the cruelties to which they are subjected, and the longer these continue the worse it will be, for the more patient, growing daily more hopeless, will, at last, follow the lead of their less enduring brethren. Fifty thousand men driven to despair by cruelty, unarmed though they may be, are a terrible menace, and despite all the precautions taken to confine and control them, one day they will break loose and wreak their vengeance upon their oppressors; for men, when they lose all hope, lose all fear.



## Eli th' Fiddler.

By C. L. ANTROBUS.

(From Temple Bar.)

**T**HE year was at the spring, and all the hillside, from the crowning woods to the wide valley below, sparkled with vivid green buds like tiny points of light on bush and tree, and yellow gleam of daffodils in the cottage gardens. There was the sparkle of spring too in the life of the hillside. The men swung off to work with step more alert, and the women and children went about with cheerfulness and laughter as the sunshine dazzled their eyes and the fresh wind ruffled their garments.

Spring too was in the soul of Eli Grimshaw, known throughout the district as "Eli th' Fiddler," as he sat at his cottage door tuning his violin, his memory recalling bud and blossom of long ago. Perhaps Eli was not so old as he appeared. True, he stooped so that his gray beard almost touched his knees, and his face was wrinkled with many lines, but poverty is an etcher whose graving-tool marks deeply, and the stoop was more the result of weariness than of years. His thick hair had little gray in its long locks, and bright eyes—extraordinarily youthful eyes—lit up the wrinkled face.

Thus bent, yet with a look of vitality incongruous with his aspect of age, Eli resembled an old gnome, a kobold escaped from a magic rose-garden, or shut out from it perchance, and playing to men and women the melodies that had soothed the fairy folk of the underworld.

For this bent old man with bright eyes was a marvellous player, and his fame

was great among the music-loving Lancashire people; which was well, seeing that he was almost entirely dependent on his violin. Who and what he had been no one knew. Fifteen years before, when he, a stranger, had settled himself in the little two-roomed dwelling, he had wisely explained to the neighbors that he was a Morecambe Bay man, but was minded to live here in the southern part of the country. This at once gave him a certain standing in the place; he was one of themselves, as it were, and had a right to be silent if he chose regarding his past history.

The fact that his rent was always forthcoming led to the general belief that Eli had "a tidy bit o' brass laid by;" but the sum must have been very small, otherwise he would not have wandered about the countryside as he constantly did, nor tramped so often the eight long miles between the green hill where stood his home, and the gloomy manufacturing city whose smoke darkened the eastern horizon; the city from whose thronged streets he returned with heavier pocket though with weary steps.

This sunny morning he sat by his door as was his custom, tenderly fingering his violin and pondering the while whether he should walk to that murky city, and spend the fair blue day in bringing into the dull unlovely streets some of the music of the springtide that was awaking the earth, bird-songs and rustle of wind in the budding trees. By-and-by the postman came down the lane, and the group of gossiping women paused to exchange

greetings with him, for every one in the district knew every one else as a matter of course. Then, to their amazement, he stopped by Eli th' Fiddler and handed the old man a letter. This was without precedent. Never before had Eli been known to receive a letter, and his neighbors felt they ought to know something about it. All chatter ceased as all eyes turned on the mysterious missive and its owner.

"He's a-opening it," whispered a woman. "He's looking at th' end. Theer!—he's dropped it! I'll run an' pick it up fur 'un!" thereby hoping to catch a glimpse of the contents. But before she could reach his gate, Eli had grasped his letter again with trembling fingers and hurried indoors, two scarlet spots of excitement burning on his thin cheeks.

"He do seem a bit worried," commented the women. "Happen it's fro his lawyer fur to tell him th' brass is a' gone. Eh dear, he'd better ha' kept it i' th' owd stocking!"

But the letter was not from any lawyer, neither was Eli "worried." He sat on a rickety chair in his little bare room, the scarlet spots burning more brightly on his cheeks as he reread the brief note in the cramped foreign handwriting. The date was the previous evening, and the address that of an hotel in the grimy city eight miles away.

"Dear Friend," so ran the letter, "wilt thou"—ah, the old familiar du—"dine with me to-morrow and talk of our student days so long ago? I am passing through here on my way home. I will expect thee at seven o'clock." And the signature was "Anna Barheim, nee Petersen."

The door, carelessly latched, swung open a few inches, and a pale gold streak of sunlight fell across the floor and on the note in Eli's hand as he sat motionless, unheeding, while the keen sweet breeze stole in after the sunbeam, stirring his long locks and gray beard. He noticed nothing; the letter, like a magic glass, had shown him the vision of his youth, the old days when he had studied music by the Rhine, those old days when the Rhine was but another name for ro-

mance, and to be a student was to be light-hearted as a grasshopper. Those old days!—when he and Anna Petersen, the yellow-haired Swedish girl, had dreamed of winning fame together. Well, she had outstripped him in the race; she had become a great singer, had married, had retired, emerging occasionally from retirement to sing perhaps one song here and there as now. Through the long years he had followed her career with eager interest, not dreaming of meeting her again. To-day!—to-day was yesterday, the far-off yesterday.

Eli roused himself, there was much to be done. Locking up his violin, he set out for the dark city that, during the last hour, had become to him as one of those enchanted rose-gardens which appear but dreary wildernesses till the magic key turns in the lock. Presently he, the wanderer, would re-enter the lost rose-garden of his youth.

He reached the city by devious ways, avoiding the better streets lest he should be seen; he desired not to be seen as yet. He first sought a stationer's where he wrote a note, addressing it to the great singer, and posted it close by. This done, he betook himself to an evil-smelling part of the town where rival odors of fried fish and decayed vegetables strove for mastery. Here Eli stopped before a dingy little shop with second-hand garments flapping dismally on either side of the doorway.

"It ish der loan of a dress suit you vant, hey?" said the proprietor, who knew "th' Fiddler." "Vell, here ish von goot suit; der oldt shentleman died last week. Joost for to-night? To dine mit an oldt friendt? I see. Vell, try him. So, he fit all right. Here ish a good light overcoat to go mit der suit, I vill throw him in for der same money. You pring dem all pack to-morrow?"

Eli agreed to this, and produced the money with pathetic willingness, though the sum demanded was larger than it need have been, and much more than he could afford. When he walked away carrying the bundle, the clothes-dealer looked pensively after the bent yet alert figure, and murmured—

"Der oldt friendt ish von woman, otherwise he would haf pargained a leetle."

There were several purchases still to be made, for it is obvious that a flannel shirt is incongruous with a dress suit, to say nothing of one's shoes and one's pocket handkerchief. Eli's last call was upon an acquaintance who kept a flourishing barber's shop in the next street to the clothes-dealer. To this barber, who was a man of culture and prided himself on his learning, the musician explained his wishes and was understood.

"Tha wants thyssen trimmed up sort o' peaky? Loike them Armada chaps i' th' picture o'er at th' Town Hall? A' reet! Set thee down, an' I'll turn thee out own brother to 'em."

Eli's locks fell like Samson's, but with a contrary effect, for strength seemed to return to the shorn one. Instead of "th' Fiddler," shaggy and unkempt, there appeared a man past middle age certainly, yet not old, with pointed beard and mustache, sharp delicate features, and bright eyes full of the expectancy of youth.

"Theer!" observed the barber, surveying his customer with satisfaction, "folks 'll take thee fur Shakespeare out o' th' waxworks. Look at thyssen i' th' big glass o'er theer."

"Thank you," said Eli, "it is what I wished."

He paid, took up his various parcels, and left.

"Wonder what th' owd chap's up to?" mused the barber. "He's a sight younger wi' a' that hair off. Happen he's seen better days, poor owd brid!"

The train bore Eli home, for he had already walked some ten miles, and one must not be too weary when one re-enters the rose-garden. He reached his cottage unseen by his neighbors, who were busy with the mid-day meal. All the afternoon his door remained shut, but the violin sang lightly, a bird-shower of notes, rippling cadences full of laughter and merriment of spring. By and by came silence; Eli was dressing. About six o'clock he left the cottage, carrying his violin, and the train took him back to the city of grime and toil.

He saw no grime, thought not of toil;

the key had turned in the lock, the gate was open, here was the rose-garden. It was not only the woman he was going to see, but the past, the old happy careless past. The streets were surely shining as he walked along them! Now he reached the hotel; he was shown into a room of which his dazzled eyes beheld nothing, but he was conscious that a big fair woman in a glittering black gown came toward him with smiling face and outstretched hands.

"Anna!" he said. "Madame Barheim!"

"Welcome, my dear friend!" she cried.

"Till I got your reply I feared my little note might not reach you. The time was so short, but that I could not help."

"I was sure to come," he murmured, bending to kiss the plump white hands he held.

Then his vision cleared, and he looked with happy eyes upon his old love. Oh, she had not changed—not much; had grown stouter and a little older, of course; that was all. Her hair was yellow as ever; in truth the color now was artificial, but Eli did not know that, and what did it matter? The same pink and white apple-bloom complexion; here art also assisted nature, and again what did it matter? Madame Barheim was an excellent woman; if she had the trifling weakness of wishing to conceal the thefts of the years, it was a harmless weakness; and this evening, in the soft light of the shaded candles, she looked almost the Anna Petersen of the long ago, the young Swedish girl who hoped to be a singer, and studied by the Rhine.

"I am sorry my husband is not here to meet you," she said as they sat down to dinner, "but I am alone. Some day you must see my children. I have two, a son and a daughter."

"I should like to see the children," said Eli, thinking of them as tiny creatures with sunny locks like their mother's. She read his thought and was pleased. So she looked as young as that?—then she would not tell him her son was a tall fellow of twenty, and her daughter married. Since her old comrade could dream so prettily, why awake him!

He was not altered, this friend of the

past, bright-eyed, romantic, impressionable as ever. A little nervous, too, his hands trembled slightly. She did not know how many years had flown since he had sat at a civilized table. But presently the food and wine warmed and restored him, and once more he was the gay careless young violinist of the bygone time.

"You heard doubtless that I have retired?" she asked.

"To the world's loss," he replied. "But you will sing for me? The papers tell me you sometimes sing for charity, even now you are on your way to do so. Well, here is charity—the truest charity."

Decidedly he had not changed. This was Eli Grimshaw the student, light of heart, fluent of speech. The great singer smiled.

"Gladly will I bestow that charity, and you will accompany me as of old. Tell me, to what music have you listened of late?"

"To that of the birds. They still sing as they did in Eden, as they did on the Rhine."

"Ah, the Rhine of our youth! Alas, my friend, it no longer exists. Once it was wonderful, was it not? It had its Lurleyburg, its Mausthurm, its Nixen. Now, all the enchantment has fled. There are factories, and there is no Rhine, merely a river—any river!"

"Yet the Rhine exists!" he declared. "It lives in our memories. All the old places live; the mill where we used to go to eat cherries, the meadow below the castle where we had little feasts and sang volkslieder."

"And where you fell into the river," she said laughing, "and the fat German student with the scarred nose called out, 'for the love of heaven, save the violin!' Have you that violin yet?"

He nodded. "The same. It is good company. It sings not only the notes I touch, but other notes of long ago. It has an undersong; it talks of the old companions. Oh, those were merry days! Where are all our friends? Some, I know, have passed to the Silent Land, but of many I have heard nothing."

"For example?"

"For example, von Bleiben."

"The painter? He gave up art, married well, and is very old, much older than the two of us together!" She laughed—her own enchanting laugh.

"So? Then the Pole?"

"Who wished for much liberty? He went to America in search of it, and was killed in an election riot."

"Too much liberty. And the Russian, who wrote poems to you?"

"Ah, in his case there was too little liberty. He returned to Moscow, wrote poems not so harmless as those, and"—she spread out her hands tragically, "Siberia!"

So the tales went on, of this one and of that.

"You do not ask about Liebmann," said Madame Barheim presently. "It was from him I learnt your address."

"I am eternally indebted to him!" cried Eli. "When I received your note I was too happy to wonder how it reached me. I saw him at the railway station here. A fortunate meeting for me."

And Eli recalled how in the winter dusk he had accosted his old acquaintance, craving for a few words with one who knew the world he had once known, and trusting to the darkness to hide the poverty of his appearance. How lucky that he had spoken to Liebmann!

"It is truly like a dream, our meeting," she said, smiling upon him as Anna Petersen had smiled long ago.

"No, this is reality, the return of the only reality."

She bent her gray eyes on him. "Have you not lived, my friend?"

He paused a moment. "Yes. I have lived as the dreaming butterfly lives, lying with folded wings in a glittering web of its own spinning; but now I am awake once more."

"Tell me something of yourself, of your wife and children. Surely you have them?"

"I have none; my violin has been all those to me."

"Your violin?" A look of compassion was in her eyes. "Yet, my friend"—

"Oh, I had other dreams once; but life slips by. I had an accident which cripp-

pled me. It was long before I could use my arm again, and when I had recovered the world had swung on, so"—he shrugged his shoulders, then smiled carelessly.

She did not question him further as to why he had dropped out of the race; she had known so many who had wearied of the toil or who just missed being great, or whose lives were shadowed by persistent ill-luck. She did not suppose him one of these last; she knew nothing of his poverty; he looked comfortable, fairly prosperous; he was the *gay comrade* she remembered.

Who was to tell her that the clothes he wore were hired; that he was but appearing for one evening on the stage of his long-past youth; that by and by he would walk home eight miles to his humble cottage, and to-morrow resume the life of a street musician? Of all this she was utterly ignorant, and he, in the warm glow of the radiant present, forgot all save the present and the shining long ago.

What an evening that was! Here was the magic rose-garden of the past, and Eli wandered along the familiar paths, guided by his old love, meeting his old companions.

"You will sing something for me, will you not?" he asked, with a wistful glance toward the open piano. "Remember, it is charity!"

"What would you like to hear? And where is your violin? You must accompany me."

Eli took the instrument out of its case, then hesitated. She saw and understood.

"You wish to hear me without your accompaniment? Very well; but you must forget the voice I once had. What shall I sing?"

"The volkslieder we sang by the mill when we twisted a wreath of cherries for your hair," he said eagerly.

"Ah, the cherries! I had forgotten."

The great singer's voice no longer retained all its exquisite notes, but it was still marvellous, and assisted by the most perfect art. Presently she stopped and smilingly held up one finger.

"Listen!" she said. There were shuf-

fling sounds outside in the corridor. "Those are the other people in the hotel. They come soft-footed to hear."

"No wonder! Who would not come to hear you, Anna?"

"Let them hear you now. Play Bach to me; you used to play Bach."

She leaned back in an armchair, her sparkling black draperies flowing round her, the light shining on her fair head, listening with her charming air of appreciative friendliness; and in Eli's hands the violin became alive.

When he ceased she nodded gravely. "You play better than ever, my friend. It is long since I have heard such playing. I congratulate you with all my heart."

A little more music, a little more recalling of old memories, and then—Eli was bidding adieu.

"But we must meet again!" she cried. "I am sometimes in England. I will write. And you will write to me?"

Eli joyfully agreed and passed out into the night, dazzled by the brightness of the evening he had spent in the rose-garden; nay, he was still in the rose-garden, he had not yet left it. Of the smoky streets he saw nothing; on he walked, mechanically, till he gained the open country and the high road. There was no moon, therefore the ways were dusky. All the better for dreams!

He was not trudging home to his cottage on the hillside; oh no! he was back in his youth, and the song of the wind as it swept by him was the rush of the Rhine. Painted by memory on the darkness, he beheld all the familiar scenes. Here was the mill, the little inn beside it, the tables spread for guests under the linden tree by the door, sunshine and shadow dappling the ground. Here were the merry companions of old days—the laughing girls, the irrepressible boys—all with the infinite possibilities of life before them. They meant to be famous; meanwhile, they were happy. Anna was there; they had made a wreath of cherries for her, red and white on her yellow hair; and she had sung for them—sung like the Lurley! They had danced, too, in a ring round her; he remembered the



wild leapings and twirlings, the songs and the laughter. Then the long walk home when the sunset died; the walk under the stars, by the Rhine. Yes, of course, he was walking home by the Rhine. His companions were just a little way in front, some a little way behind; Anna had turned aside for a moment to speak to a loiterer, and he was strolling on—how clearly he heard the river!

At last the dark mass of the hill rose before Eli, and his feet, like those of one who wanders in his sleep, took him into the lane that mounted the hillside. Slowly he toiled upward, while the brooklet flowing along the side of the lane rippled softly in the night and helped his dreaming fantasy. There was a stile half way, and Eli sat down on the lower step to rest. He was very tired; the day had been so wonderful, so filled with excitement; and this was the second time he had walked the distance between his cottage and the busy city eastward.

So in the dim starlight he sat, listening to the tinkling rush of the brook, his spirit still steeped in the enchantment of the past. He did not tell himself he had enjoyed his evening; it was not one evening, all the sunny long-ago had risen and claimed him. Presently his violin slipped from his grasp; he would sleep a little; he had often slept, lulled by the Rhine—he would so sleep now.

When the dawn aroused the hillside, a man going to his work found Eli slumbering by the stile, and essayed to wake the sleeper. Then he perceived the slumber was too deep for any awakening.

"Eh, 'tis a pity!" muttered the laborer, looking down on the huddled figure, the worn face serene and peaceful. "A pity!" he repeated, meditatively rubbing his chin. "An' yet, I dunno! Happen 'tis best."

Assuredly it was best. The gate of the rose-garden had closed while Eli was within.

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## MORNING.

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By W. C.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

The sun has risen, and the earth and sky  
Are radiant with th' advancing glorious  
light—

It is as if there never had been night;  
While ruby-colored clouds are piled on  
high

O'er the horizon. A sweet melody  
Of bird-song from a thousand little  
throats

Upward to heaven and round my thrill'd  
soul floats;

Crows circling o'er the tree-tops hoarsely  
cry,

Blackbirds are whistling in the copse be-  
low,

And from the river-laved emerald vale  
Move, sun-touched, to the hills dank  
vapors pale.

Forth to their varied toll my brothers go.  
For I too—'tis my pride—a toiler am:

Man's glory work, and idleness his shame.

## Italian Painting in the Prado Gallery.

By EDWARD HUTTON.

(From the Monthly Review.)

### I.

**T**HE Prado Gallery is a foundation of Ferdinand VII.

To-day the "Real Museo de Pintura del Prado" is a gallery of masterpieces, a more catholic Pitti Palace, an immense Salon Carré. And, unlike the Louvre, for instance, our own National Gallery, while it possesses almost the whole work of Velasquez, it is very poor in early Italian pictures, is without an example of the English school, and possesses but one example, a poor and early picture enough, of the supreme work of Rembrandt, the perfect work of Holbein.

And yet while a host of critics and archaeologists deny any historical value to the Prado Gallery, its worth as a museum, as that which, alas, a museum so often becomes, a mere record of work

good or bad done from time to time, to me at least it is valuable for that virtue not less than for the beauty of the pictures hung there so thoughtfully; for while in so many galleries in Europe it is possible to trace the art of painting from the earliest time even to yesterday or to-day, here in the Prado you may see, not without surprise, perhaps, the marvelous and immortal art of Titian, surrounded by the works of his disciples, some of the greatest artists of all time.

The father of the Prado is Titian; his work perfect in sweetness and strength and wisdom—the sweetness of youth in all its perfection; the strength of manhood, its endless desire, its achievement; the wisdom of old age, its renunciation, its passionate sincerity and peace—was the nucleus as it were of this almost matchless collection, and it is the work of those painters who own him as their

The real history of the Gallery, says Ford, is this: When Ferdinand married his second and best wife, La Portugaise, one Monte Allegre, who had been a Spanish convert in France, persuaded him to refurnish the palace with French papers and ormolu clocks and chandeliers—his particular fancy; thereupon the quaint original cinquecento furniture, much of which was of the period even of Charles V. and Philip II., was carted out and the pictures taken down and stowed away in garrets and corridors, exposed to wind, weather and the worst plunderings of Spanish Custodes. They were fast perishing and disappearing when the Marques de Sta. Cruz, Mayor Duomo, Mayor or Lord Steward, and the Duque de Gor, one of the few grandees blessed with a particle of taste or talent (and our authority for this anecdote), persuaded the Queen to remove the pictures to the Prado. She advanced £40 a month toward repairing a few rooms for their reception, and by November, 1819, these saloons were got ready, and 311 pictures exhibited to the public; the extraordinary quality of which, especially of Velasquez, instantly attracted the admiring eyes of foreigners, who appreciated the merits of the old masters of Spain much better than the natives. Ferdinand VII., seeing that renown was to be obtained, now came forward with £240 a month, and the Museo was slowly advanced, one more saloon being opened in 1821. Thus he earned the title of Augustus, as cheaply as our George IV. has the credit of "presenting to the public" the fine library formed by his father. This he had bargained to sell to Russia, when one of his brothers put in a claim for a share of the proceeds. His Majesty thereat, having graciously condemned him and his books to a warmer place than St. Petersburg, bundled them off in a huff to Great Russell street.

master, Greco, Velasquez, Rubens, Vandyke, Poussin and Watteau, that for the most part we may find to-day hanging beside his splendid and fading canvases, witnesses to the immortal beauty and vitality of his genius, the indispensability of his art.

Critics of Titian have sometimes spoken as if the only characteristic of his genius were a wonderful sensual, or, at least, sensuous, strength expressing itself in color, and apparent, for instance, in such a picture as "La Bella" in the Pitti Gallery. Others have found in him an extraordinary vitality running to coarseness, from which ideas are excluded, in which we see merely the delight of one so strong, so full of life, in flesh, that under his hand has certainly put on immortality, but that is how much less than the clear truthful work of Velasquez, the unhappy profound work of Rembrandt. But for some of us, it may be, his work seems still the most beautiful and the most vital that has ever been given to us by an artist. He seems to have summed up the Renaissance for us just as it was passing away, and in a more splendid and living fashion than Raphael in his perfect and learned way, a little pedantic, a little fearful perhaps of the immense vitality of life; or than Michelangelo, that great and successful genius, whose work seems ever to be about to rise from the dead, were able or willing to do. He has created with joy. The beauty of his work is always an expression of life, he has never permitted thought to kill life till it is little more than a suggestion, as Michaelangelo has done so often.

Without the humility of Raphael, without the overwhelming and fastidious taste of that divine epicurean whose conscience was, as it were, a faculty of the intellect, his genius was only to be held by his own will; he is never reticent, never almost meaningless, almost just a decorative painter as Raphael too often is, in his easel pictures at any rate; he is always expressive, and while not always as splendid as in his greatest pictures—the "Bacchus and Ariadne," for instance, or the "Young Englishman"—he is always,

as it were, at the height of the situation; nothing has come from his hands that does not live—legions of figures, men and women and children splendidly naked, beautiful clothed, horses and dogs, and bulls and trees and mountains, and the sea. He is like a natural force in his profound energy, he is like a god without a rival in his creative power, he makes ugly things and brutal things, and mediocre things, and they are all beautiful.

So passionate was his conception of life, so extraordinary his apprehension of everything that is vital, that people who have never lived, or who have been dead many years, or who have missed life in some blind mediocrity, receive life from him, really live because of him, and yet his virtue is not less. His work is immense, fabulous in its quantity; yet he was an artist in life, too, and understood the value, the extraordinary richness of such a nature as Aretinos, was wise enough to find pleasure therein, and to seize life with both hands, and to enjoy it to the utmost; yet it seemed that he might live for ever, for he did not die until he was ninety-nine years old, and then it was by chance that death found him, coming to him promiscuously, as it were, since he could not tire him out, in the midst of a plague that devastated the city.

Beside him those disciples of his, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez and the rest, are just pupils, each with something of the virtue of the master, some side, as it were, of Titian's character developed at the expense of the rest. Thus Rembrandt, almost unrepresented in the Prado—just there, perhaps, is its chief defect—is too sombre, too gloomy, to stand for a moment beside the splendid laughter, the profound joy, of Titian's work. That northern painter, unfortunate in so much, so intense a student of nature, of life in its more sombre moments, joyful only with an almost brutal laughter, insolent as a barbarian, full of the insane light of the north, is ashamed before the pagan loveliness, the human beauty and perfect joy of Titian, whose profound smile, lighting the world, might have made him afraid as no sorrow or

gloom or brutality that came to him, that he found everywhere in the world, was able to do.

And if you find Rubens, that man of the world who painted for love or for fame, armed with an immense sensuality that he had learned from his master, how insane it is, how merely technically beautiful, beautiful that is as art rather than as life, if you compare it for a moment with the sincere and human delight in the body, everywhere to be found in Titian's painting, that passion has redeemed from lust as from mere delight in the flesh. Besides the marvelous women of Titian, those beautiful-made courtesans and fine ladies, whose golden flesh has excited the love and pity of the world, Rubens' "Three Graces," for instance, seem like poseuses painted by a fanfaron. They are as decorative as three exquisite vases, and can never die: they are without the immense pathos of life that you find here in Madrid, even in so thoughtlessly brutal a picture as the "Danae," and in their perfection of paint, their wonderful bravura, proclaim their barbarian origin, being rather perfect animals than human beings capable of thought or emotion, of love, of sorrow.

On coming to the exquisite work of Velasquez here in the Prado it is quite another side of Titian's genius you see developed further, and with a more fastidious distinction than he had time for, perhaps; and while in his cool and grave pictures you will find less originality of thought than you may almost discern everywhere in Rembrandt's work, and certainly a less profound vitality than that which informs the work of the great Dutchman and of Rubens, you will find a perfection there which is wanting in both those great men, and which you will come upon but seldom in the work of Titian himself. How fastidious, how distinguished Velasquez always is!

Just there, it might be seen, is the virtue that has entranced the modern world, so that you find painters to-day so in love with their art, so satisfied with just that, that recognizing this reverence in Velasquez for the material, as it were, of his work, his contentment with it as suffi-

cient for him to express just what his eyes have seen, they have been willing to call him "the master," the greatest painter of all time, ignoring, not unwillingly, a certain lack of originality, of just genius, as it were, that no perfection of technique, no dignity of thought, no distinction of manner, may altogether hide. His work is so beautiful that we are content to forget everything else while we are with him; and, indeed, it is part of his secret that the charm of his work, in the true sense of the word, its magical truthfulness, for instance, obliterates our dreams, and for the first time perhaps we see ourselves, not as we really are, scarcely ever that, but as we appear in a perfectly felt, a perfectly expressed impression, in a moment of languor or pride or gracious forgiveness.

He is a painter who is always lurking in the shadow, whose light is so refined upon that he scarcely dares to bring the sunshine into it, lest something of its distinction, its temperance, should be lost in the splendor of the world, in the strength of the sun, or beside the energy of the sea. You will find no nudes here, scarcely any women at all, but queens and princesses and little children and men who are so full of pride that they seem to thrust the ground away with their feet, or to beat it with the hoofs of their horses in contempt, a contempt that it not passionate at all, but a sort of coldness, as though they were unaware of anything but their own gravity or importance.

Quite by chance on leaving the room where the beautiful picture of "Philip IV. on Horseback" hangs, you come, in the long gallery, on Titian's "Charles V. entering the Battle of Muhlberg." Beside it are two theatrical compositions by Rubens, masterly and full of the immense sensuous vigor that is sometimes a little wearying in that Fleming. It is as though the monotony of his low and mediocre land, which submitted so easily to every tyranny, which only he has made beautiful, had forced him into an over-emphasis of life. Well, to-day in the Prado you look at Titian's "Charles V. on Horseback," really the original of all equestrian portraits, beside the work of this

sumptuous barbarian. The quiet, serene, everlasting strength that it presents always, even in Titian's slightest work, is, in this magnificent canvas, consummate in its perfection. And it vanquishes, if we may use a word so disastrous, even the great equestrian portraits of Velasquez by means of just beauty. It is life, while the work of Velasquez only continually seems to be life: it is more than life, it is truth, it is beauty.

How fortunate Titian was, you may think, perhaps, fortunate beyond Rembrandt or Rubens or Velasquez in having people so much greater to paint, a city so much more beautiful to live in, a world so much more living, so much more human, as it were, than those painters who followed him enjoyed. Well, "the ages are all equal," says William Blake, "but genius is always above its age"; and if this be so, certainly in Titian's genius the age of the Renaissance expressed itself so completely that anything which came after had the sense of a repetition almost, a variation, as it were, on the work of the great Venetian.

And yet how original and how wise was Rembrandt, and willing, too, to express so much that is but indicated in Titian's work, anxious, above all, it might seem, to express himself, since he seems to lurk, yes, the very rugged, beautiful, strong face itself, in so many of his pictures.

And if with Rubens you seem to come upon something less sincere, or less racy, as it were, than with Rembrandt, how perfectly musical is every line, every contour, how full of well-being and delight, a little boisterous, it may be, but full of strength and the joy that enjoys itself in his work here in the Prado, naturally almost without effort, as a bird sings. While, after all, to look at Velasquez is to understand the truth—that so various thing, light dancing on the water, that is gone e'er you can say it is there. He is so truthful that for the moment everything else seems beside the point.

Something like this seems to me to be my impression of the Prado Gallery; to be what that collection of masterpieces means to me. And if pictures are, as it

were, "receptacles of so many powers and forces," if they "possess, like the products of Nature, so many virtues or qualities," to discover not their value compared with one another, but their ultimate value for oneself, is the first step of all true criticism whatever, useful and necessary on our way to see them, as in themselves they really are.

## II.

Italian painting is represented in the Prado both by the work of Titian, so splendid in its quality and abundance, and by the work of Raphael, which here time seems to have robbed of nearly all of its fame. And splendid as are these two painters of the high Renaissance, their work scarcely makes up to us for the entire absence of any painter of the fourteenth century in Italy, while the fifteenth century is only represented by examples from the work of two men, Fra Angelico and Mantegna. Here and there in these almost numberless rooms you come upon work so flower-like as Gorgione's, so unimpassioned as Correggio's, so innumerable as Veronese's and Tintoretto's, so ineffectual as Andrea del Sarto's, so charming as Tiepolo's; but for the most part Italy is here just Venice at its best in Titian, or Rome dowered with all the beautiful learned work of Raphael, the imitative work of his pupils.

That early Tuscan painter, who dreamed continually of Mary Madonna, to whose keeping God had confided the desire of the world, who seems to have built up in his pictures the kingdom of heaven on earth, so that he finds the same flowers by the wayside of those streets of gold as in the valleys of Tuscany, the same sweet light upon the hills there as he had seen in a vision at evening, or heard of from an angel, who surely stayed his flight during some sweet half-hour at noonday, so that those naive eyes might never forget the least fold of his garments, the most secret thread of golden hair, may be found here, so far away, in Spain, that has understood scarcely at all the perfect humanism that is everywhere in his work, in a panel of "The Annunciation," that reminds one



in some far-off fashion of the fresco of the same subject in S. Marco, different in color though it may be, and in the addition here in the Prado picture of an expulsion from Paradise, while below in five octagonal compartments you find certain scenes from the life of the Madonna.

In Mantegna's picture of the "Death of the Virgin," a small panel from the collection of Charles I. of England, you have a work so much more initiated, so much less a chance falling of sunlight upon the wall, in which Angelico, for instance, seems to have seen a vision, than that beautiful and holy picture of "The Annunciation." So much more initiated I said, and it is really just that, an initiation, as it were, into the world, so noble, so splendid, so full of great things, that you discern in the really profound work of the great Paduan. His work is full of intellectual strength, joyful too, as happy indeed in its way as Fra Angelico's, only where Angelico has divined something that he cannot understand, that he accepts deliciously as a child might do, Mantegna has always understood, has mastered everything that he expresses, first of all with his mind; it is a nobility in him, a duty almost from which he will not excuse himself. It is strange, remembering the delight of his work, his love for sumptuous things, saved always from a too great fondness for them by his perfect sanity, his intellectual rectitude, that in this picture some strange asceticism, some unfortunate, unnecessary self-denial, as it were, is to be discerned; unnecessary and therefore unfortunate, since in denial in itself, for its own sake, there is nothing admirable or beautiful: it is merely a cruelty to one's self that, having suffered, to-morrow we shall be ready to inflict on another.

In these two pictures we seem to discover the awakening of the spirit of man from its long sleep that was after all but a preparation for the dawn that is already risen in Fra Angelico, and, still a little bewildered by dreams, has seen the beauty of the world; that in Mantegna is even now aware of the whole

long day of love and thought to come, that in him at any rate is already awaiting it, with the serenity of a child, the courage of a young man.

To turn to the work of Andrea del Sarto from these sincere and simple pictures is to understand how ineffectual a painter he really is. The "faultless" painter, as he has been called, in truth he seems to be incapable of fault, to be really a little effeminate, a little vague, too bewildered by his own sfumato as it were, lost in enervating, sentimental dreams. It is no intellectual passion you find in that soft troubled work, where from every canvas Lucrezia di Baccio looks out at you, posing as Madonna or Magdalen, or just herself, and even there beautiful, unsatisfactory, discontented, unhappy, because she is too stupid to be happy at all. If she were Andrea's tragedy, one might think that even without her his life could scarcely have been different. In the best of his pictures here she is Madonna seated on a flight of steps perhaps, holding the Child, who stretches out His arms to an angel, who kneels before Him holding an open book, while St. Joseph gazes at Madonna, and in the background a woman hurries away leading a child by the hand. It is a characteristic picture, insignificant, as it were, facile without depth or force. Andrea can do better than this and worse, and while in this picture you may discern something of that Michelangellesque manner that was so unfortunate in one who was a colorist, the only colorist of the Florentine school, it is not so mannered, nor so futile an imitation as the "Madonna dell' arpie" or "The Assumption" in Florence.

Yet it is how much less than the beautiful "Dispute as to the Trinity," or the wonderful series of portraits of himself, or his wife. Just there he seems to touch life as never, or almost never, in his compositions. How simple and straightforward, for instance, is the portrait of a sculptor in the National Gallery, how vivid, how truthful the portraits of himself, how expressive those of his wife! That damaged but still lovely picture of Lucrezia di Baccio,

here in the Prado, really redeems him for once from a charge of insincerity, grandiosity or sentimentalism. How beautiful she is, how living, how full of possibilities, still young, and unacquainted with the sacrifices that her mediocrity will presently demand of her! It is then as a portrait painter, who after all has left in his pictures "an autobiography as complete as any in existence," that Andrea del Sarto comes to his own; almost a great painter, anxious rather to make his confession to a world that was so ready to excuse him and to worship him, just because he failed to show his superiority to it.

As a Florentine painter he seems ever among strangers; and it is really as a Venetian, exiled in Florence, one who had been forced by some irony of circumstances to forego his birthright in the invigorating and worldly city, that might have revealed to him just the significance of the life which we miss in his pictures, that he appeals to us; a failure difficult to explain, a weak but beautiful nature spoiled by mediocrity.

It is something less admirable that you find in the majority of pictures that bear, in this gallery, the most "beloved name in art," the beautiful name of Raphael. Something, I know not what, seems to have befallen them, they are so much less lovely than their reputation. It is as though on a day in the sunshine of the long summer that makes of the noisiest of cities the most silent place in the world, gradually, little by little, they had died, had suffered that extraordinary change, that at first seems to make so little difference, even to add some beauty by a sort of simplification, as it were, an obliteration of everything but the necessary and elemental things of character of individual life, and then suddenly to destroy for ever the loveliness that had only blossomed to die, after many years of impassioned effort.

Those famous pictures, "Lo Spasimo," "The Virgin of the Fish," "The Visitation," "La Perla" (from the Gallery of Charles I. of England), "The Holy Family," "Del Lagarto," seem to-day almost inexplicable as the work of Raphael;

they are dead pictures, from which the beauty has fled away, leaving only the brutal signature of death, the hideous suggestions of the skeleton. And while in such a picture as "The Virgin of the Fish," for instance, we may find the hand, the clever imitative hand, of Giulio Romano, it is yet difficult to explain our indifference to most of Raphael's easel pictures which are not portraits. "La Perla," for instance—"the pearl," as Philip IV. said, of his gallery at the Escorial, when he bought it for £2,000 at the brutal sale of the Crown property by Cromwell—how may we excuse ourselves for finding it so hard, so impossible as the work of the man who painted "La Donna Velata" at Florence, or the magnificent "Portrait of a Cardinal" in this gallery? It has not even the marvellous decorative qualities, the splendor and learning as it were of the frescoes in the Stanze of the Vatican. It cannot move us with its hard perfection, it seems to be scarcely painting at all, to possess some dreadful mechanical origin, in its crudity, its callousness. And again in the "Christ Bearing the Cross"—"Lo Spasimo"—we are moved only by surprise that anything painted, as it might seem with brick-dust, informed with so grimacing an insincerity, should even bear the name of Raphael.

No, these pictures can never have been painted by Raphael at all, it is impossible to pronounce his name before them; they are the work of those disciples who were his chief enemies, they are the brutal interpretations that the neophyte always thrusts upon the work of the master. It was with the same mad passion that St. Paul destroyed the beautiful thoughts of Jesus, it is from a like enthusiastic imitation, careful, done with much labor, that virtue, which, in art at any rate, is by itself so utterly useless, so vicious, that every artist has suffered, and will continue to suffer, since imitation is an attribute of man. That Raphael should have signed these works is impossible, in every line you may discern a forgery, in every color a mockery, a mimicry, aping him in every gesture. Something it may be, a perfection of space, as it

were, a certain quietness characteristic of Raphael, that you will find even in his most dramatic work, still suggest themselves to you as you look at these old hard pictures; but if you compare them for a moment with "The Holy Family" here in the Prado, in which the Child plays with a lamb, or with the beautiful and almost miraculous "Portrait of a Cardinal," or even with "The Madonna of the Fish," in which Raphael's part is seemingly so small, and yet visible enough in I know not what delicacy and perfection, shining there behind the hard academic work of Giulio Romano, you will understand in a moment either that something has befallen them, that they have been repainted, or spoiled by cleaning, really skinned as it were, in which brutal process, so delightful to the old professors who ruled the galleries not so long ago, their beauty has vanished away; or that they were never the work of Raphael at all, merely passing as his with princes since they came from his Botega, and one was so anxious to boast, so eager to believe that among the lesser pictures that made the background of the Royal Gallery, a Raphael had really blossomed at last, it may be after much effort, and the sacrifice of not a few priceless things.

It is in the "Portrait of a Cardinal" that you really come face to face with Raphael's work at its highest. With what clarity of mind and art he has painted that unknown figure, how perfectly he has expressed everything, simply concealing the subtlety of his art! It is almost a miracle of simplicity, living there in the beautiful painted panel by some means hidden from all, about which we may know nothing, perfect as a flower or any other thought of God. It is not often you may find Raphael so easily master of the art of his time; in his quiet and humble way he seems at last to have expressed everything in a quiet assured voice, after the rather terrible gestures, the exquisite insinuations of his fellow painters, who have really failed to convince us, not so much of life as of its perfection, its sufficiency, its

beauty, that after all will content us only because it is living.

It is a lesser painter, or at least a younger, less complete and learned, one who has not yet known how to transform everything in life into art, but still speaks with an accent, here assuredly Leonardo's, that you will find in "The Madonna of the Lamb." He has been too much impressed with the "St. Anne" of the Louvre, he cannot forget the gesture of those beautiful hands, and the smile, that still lights up the faded old picture, flickers shyly, pensively, with I know not what suggestions of assent in this small panel that is painted well, almost like a miniature, and without forgetfulness of the wide valleys and soft hills of Umbria, the devotion to all that is so visible in his master, Il Perugino.

And yet while Leonardo has understood that every living thing is our brother, that the very flowers have loved us, and we must love them too, so that we find him adding certain blades of beautiful grass irresistibly, as it were, to Verrochio's dry, cold picture of "The Baptism of Christ," Raphael, even with Leonardo's picture before him, fails to understand that others beside men and women, less articulate even than children, have life, and move beautifully with as subtle a rhythm as ourselves. How wooden the lamb, which the Child bestrides with so dainty an eagerness, really is! Painted in 1507, just after the Ansdei "Madonna" of the National Gallery, and just before his departure for Rome, something of that larger life seems to overshadow this picture, in a kind of prevision, faint enough it may be, but assuredly to suggest itself nevertheless in a certain charm of maturity, as though he had here taken the first step in a new life really before it was necessary, to please himself, as it were, to make sure of himself, of his power to assimilate, and not to be overwhelmed by, the great world, or those strong and immortal artists he was about to encounter with so much gladness and expectancy, and yet so humbly withal.

It is to quite another school of painting you come in the work of Correggio, that

joyful painter who always seems about to burst into song, as though paint, less expressive than words may be, was not quite adequate to the lyrical impulse that possessed him. Born in 1494, he belongs to the North Italian school of Bologna, Ferrara and Parma, is indeed, as Mr. Berenson has pointed out, the great painter of that district, holding "the same place there as Raphael holds among the painters of central Italy." His chief work here in Madrid, a "*Noli me tangere*," is, as it might seem, a rather strange rendering of a subject so "spectral," so suggestive of tragedy. And yet it is a lovely picture enough, into which all the still beauty of the woods and fields at dawn enters not without a solemn sort of gladness. A lesser picture, "*The Virgin, the Infant Jesus and St. John*," is, if it must be given to Correggio, a feeble work enough, dark and repainted, perhaps, and without the delight common to all his work; while the other pictures here that pass under his name even the catalogue of the gallery repudiates.

In passing now to the Venetian pictures, we come upon the great Italian treasure of the gallery, without which the Prado would rank certainly much lower than it does among the galleries of Europe. If we miss the work of the earliest Venetians, Carpaccio, Jacopo Bellini, and his two sons, Gentile and Giovanni, we have yet in a genuine work of Giorgione, that dayspring of the Renaissance in Venice, one of the rarest things in the world, which, while it may not compensate us for our disappointment at finding the so-called Giovanni Bellini here a copy, is itself so precious a thing that looking on it we forget that grotesque forgery altogether in the surprise and joy of finding Giorgione at last almost justified in his reputation. That almost fabulous painter, whose work continually eludes us in the galleries of Europe, and is quite faded, as a vision might fade, from the Palazzo Tedeschi in Venice, has gradually been robbed by critic after critic of almost all that used to pass under his name, so that now only some fifteen pictures scattered

up and down the world, in his birth-place, the little town of Castelfranco, not far from Padua; in Berlin, in Dresden, where Morelli discovered his "*Venus*" under I know not what overpainting; in Vienna, in Buda-Pesth, in Florence, where three pictures still pass as his; in Venice, where there are four, one of them in private hands; in Vicenza, in Rome, in the Villa Borghese, in Paris, and at Hampton Court, where "*A Shepherd With a Pipe*," all that is left perhaps of a larger picture, shines like a precious stone among much that is worthless, much that is only less rare than itself.

But indeed we might think that even with Morelli, Crowe and Cavalcaselle and Mr. Berenson against us, to name no others, who have done so much for the history of painting in Italy, we may still believe, not altogether without reason, that Giorgione had some part in "*The Concert*" of the Pitti Palace, which after all passed as his altogether for two hundred and fifty years; was bought indeed as his in 1654, by Cardinal Leopoldo de Medici from Paolo del Sera, a collector of Venice. That figure of a youth, so ambiguous in its beauty, could any other hand than Giorgione's have painted it? Does it ever appear in Titian's innumerable masterpieces at all?

Dying as he did at the age of thirty-three, Giorgione must have left many pictures unfinished, which Titian, his friend, his disciple almost, may well have finished, and even signed in an age when works almost wholly untouched by a master were certainly sold as his. However this may be, whether indeed all the Giorgionesque Titians that now pass under his name are really his, or whether some of them, "*The Concert*," for instance, and the "*Aristo*" of the National Gallery were his only in part, really finished by him but begun by Giorgione, there is yet remaining to us enough work incontestably Giorgione's own, or rather for the most part uncontested as his, for us to understand in some measure the enthusiasm that always surrounded his name, the immense fame that followed him to the grave.

Here in Madrid there is a precious panel, "Madonna Enthroned With the Child Between St. Anthony and St. Roch." Dressed in a long robe that trails over the marble step on which the throne where she sits stands, Madonna holds the Child standing on her knees, a little languidly, wrapt in some divine contemplation, as indeed are all the figures, as though an angel were about to pass by, or God were about to declare Himself. Behind her, as in a picture by Bellini, a curtain hangs, only over the curtain a white-figured stole falls behind her head, bringing I know not what delight into the picture, a certain delicate superiority that is emphasized by a branch of white Madonna lilies that seems to have fallen there on the floor before her from the eager worshipping hands of Gabriel, or the timid brown fingers of some little child who has just passed by. It is a picture full of attention to some influence unseen, unheard by the spectator, of which he is aware only by chance. It is as though we had surprised these people and overheard their prayer. And while certainly a certain mystery disengages itself from that sweet improvisation, in which for once, as Pater foretold of it, painting has attained to the condition of music, so that you feel not only the beauty, obvious enough both in the painting and in the matter of a thing that is really a divine interval, but you are puzzled too by the symbolism that is suggested, so unobtrusively, in the scattered leaves on the marble, the fallen lilies, the closed book. And why has St. Roch a fragment of unhewn marble beneath his foot?

Some of those who the gods love die young; but Titian, because the gods loved him, lived to be very old, fabulously old, almost till he had accomplished everything that was possible for him in his day, carrying the art of painting really as far as it could go, always within its strict limitations, apprehending them perfectly, as indeed did all the school, never for a moment going beyond them in search of effects really unlawful, as how many a painter since has tried to do? To-day in the Prado you may see his

work, at first so youthful, so lovely with dreams, in the Giorgionesque "Madonna, with St. Bridget and St. Hulpus," passing into the enthusiasm and joy of "The Garden of Venus" and "The Bacchanal," the strength and wisdom of the portraits of Charles V., the profound passion of "The Entombment"; and while you miss a portrait in the Giorgione manner, such as the "Ariosto" of the National Gallery, broadly speaking you will find here examples of the work of his whole life, closed by the magnificent portrait of himself.

Titian was born about 1476-1482, the exact date is uncertain, in Bieve di Cadore, a little town of the Venetian Alps. He appears to have been the pupil of Gentile Bellini, that strangely intellectual Venetian painter, whose work is so decorative and so cold, and yet lovely, too, by reason of certain intellectual asceticism that you may discern in it, that is not to be found in the work of his brother Giovanni, whose emotion, a certain apprehension of just beauty, is so much stronger than anything of the sort to be found in Gentile's work.

Nothing remains to us that shows Titian at work in Gentile's studio; but there is little doubt that he met there the great painter, only a little older than himself, perhaps, who was to influence him so profoundly, whose friend he became, whose executor he was, too soon, to be. That beautiful "Madonna and Child between St. Bridget and St. Hulpus"—how loyally it suggests the work of Giorgione, work that was the object of an immense enthusiasm, it might seem, an enthusiasm it was so natural, so incumbent upon one, so easy, too, to feel for a thing as lovely as that Giovanelli picture, for instance, or the "Fete Champetre" of the Louvre, just then come into the world, and full of I know not what new beauty long sought after and only dimly apprehended till then, but for once magically expressed, really, as it might seem, by a miracle, in a serener sort of genre-painting, full of new superiorities.

And then what poetry, what humanism, as well as a certain unity of the arts of painting, music and sculpture, one might,



if one would, find therein! If Titian is really the sole painter of "The Concert" and the "Ariosto" and the "Lady" of the Crespi Collection in Milan, how loyal he has been to that new spirit, how perfectly he has understood all that Giorgione was able to express! Here in the Prado, so fortunately preserved among the many pictures of late date, that precious panel of "Madonna and Child between St. Bridget and St. Hulpus" is of the same company, almost perfect in preservation, while the others have suffered so grievously.

And even after Titian has passed under a very different influence, is indeed beginning to emancipate himself from what had been the dream of another after all, you find a certain remembrance of Giorgione in the "Sacred and Profane Love" of the Borghese Gallery. That period in which he produced the "Adoration of the Shepherds" and the "Noli me tangere," both in the National Gallery, to name no others, is not represented in the Prado, but the years that immediately follow give us "The Bacchanal" and "The Worship of Venus," two works in a manner, as it were, only completely expressed by the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of the National Gallery. "The Bacchanal," spoiled by some too brutal process of restoration, in which the sky, for instance, has been entirely repainted, is even to-day one of the great treasures of the gallery, full of the immense joy and strength of youth, of youth that is about to pass into maturity, that is sure of itself at last, just for a moment before it is gone for ever.

"Chi boist et ne reboit, ne cais que boir soit" he has written on the leaf of music that is spread out before the beautiful woman who holds a bowl aloft to be filled with wine. What is this company of men and women that has passed singing over the hills and is come to the sea shore? In the background a naked figure, shaggy and splendid, has fallen upon the primitive wine-press, and the juice of the grapes pressed by his weight flows down to the sea. It is from this purple stream they are drinking as they dance or throw themselves on the ground

in the shadow of the trees. Who are they that are so joyful on a summer's day, so thirsty in the genial heat? And, above all, who is she, that beautiful nude woman whom they seem to have come upon by chance, as it were, while she is wrapped in "a passion of sleep?" Is it Ariadne? One might almost think so, for far away a ship with beautiful white sails seeks the horizon. Has Theseus stolen away while she slept, will she awake before long to find him gone? The picture is like a gesture of joy, irresistible in its beauty and delight, that is about to be interrupted by an irreparable disaster.

In the slightly earlier pictures of "The Garden of Venus" we see an immense crowd of little loves, winged really with the wings of the sky, playing together furiously beneath great trees in a garden before the statue of Venus. It is as though you heard an exquisite incomprehensible laughter in the woods at mid-day. Two women are just within the picture; one is about to fling herself before the statue in some joy of mad worship; the other, more serious, less frantic, looks away as though doubtful of her desire. Something of Rubens' work seems to be suggested in the exuberant vitality of this work, and yet it has a certain sunny reserve and sweetness, a simplicity too that is so often lacking in the work of that painter. It is really but a shadow of itself, its shape having been changed, though it is less repainted and cleaned than "The Bacchanal."

When we next see Titian's work here more than ten years of his life have passed away, ten years in which he has produced the "Assunta" of the Academia of Venice, the "Altar-piece of Ancona, the "Altar-piece of the Vatican," the "Assunta" of Verona, "The Entombment" of the Louvre. For the first time he has come into touch with the court of Spain. Charles V., on a visit to Mantua in the end of the year 1532, may well have received the so-called portrait of Alphonso d'Este here in the Prado as a present. We know at least that it was a portrait of the Marquis of Mantua, by Titian, that gave him the desire to possess a

portrait of himself from Titian's hand. He had met Titian in 1530 at Bologna, without much enthusiasm we may believe, since the Mantuan envoy complained in the Senate at Venice of the Emperor's want of liberality; but the portrait of the Marquis of Mantua, which may well be the "Alphonso d'Este" of the Prado, and which the Emperor saw two years later when he visited Federigo Gonzaga at Mantua, seems to have converted him in a moment to a belief in the extraordinary merit of Titian's work.

However this may be, Charles V. sat to Titian in Bologna in 1533, when two portraits were painted; one of these perished later in Spain, while the other is the beautiful full-length portrait in the Prado to-day. This magnificent portrait of the Emperor in gala costume, his right hand resting on a dagger, his left on the collar of a great hound, and with I know not what suggestion of weariness in his face, was almost certainly for a time in the collection of Charles I. of England. Given to him by Philip IV. on his adventurous journey to Spain in the company of Buckingham, at the sale of the royal pictures which followed his death, it was bought by Sir Balthasar Gerbier for £150, who sold it later to Cadenas, the Spanish Ambassador.

This was but the beginning of the Emperor's lifelong friendship for Titian. In a patent dated from Barcelona on May 13, 1553, he created Titian Count Palatine, "Count of the Lateran Palace of our Court, and of the Imperial Consistory." Other honors, too, came to him, he was dubbed Knight of the Golden Spur, with certain privileges, that of legitimizing illegitimate children for instance, and the Emperor tells him that these honors are in recognition of "your gifts as an artist, and your genius for painting persons from life, the which appears to us so great that you deserve to be called the Apelles of this age. Therefore, following the example of our predecessors, Alexander the Great, Octavianus Augustus, of the which one would be painted by none but Apelles, the other only by the greatest masters, we have had ourself painted by you, and have so

well proved your skill and success that it seemed good to us to distinguish you with imperial honors as a mark of our opinion of you, and as a record of the same for posterity."

There appears about this time to have been some question of Titian's going to Spain, both the Emperor and Empress persuading him to undertake this journey. But Titian excused himself; and though he met Charles again in 1536 at Asti, and again at Milan in 1541, and at Busseto in 1543, nothing of what was then accomplished has come down to us; it was not until after their meeting at Augsburg in 1548 that we have any record in Titian's work of his friendship for the Emperor.

During the period from 1533 to 1548 several pictures now in the Prado seem to have been painted; the historical picture, "The Marchese del Vasto Addressing His Troops," for instance; the "Portrait of Isabella of Portugal," the "Ecce Homo," and the "Venus" (No. 459), once in the collection of Charles I. of England. Not a very interesting or very splendid group we may think when we remember that to this period belong the marvellous "Young Englishman" and the portrait of "Cardinal Ippolito de Medici" in Florence, and find that the "Marchese del Vasto" picture is a ruin; the portrait of "Isabella of Portugal" a mere restoration; the "Ecce Homo" so disappointing that we suspect the intervention of another hand; and the "Venus With the Young Man Playing an Organ" so coarse that even its color, its naturalistic power, its visible truthfulness and strength, are not enough to redeem it from a sort of brutality.

It was in January, 1548, when Titian was about seventy years old, with nearly thirty years of work still before him, that at the command of the Emperor he went to Augsburg "per far qualche opera," to do some work, as a letter from Count Girolamo della Torre, introducing him to the Cardinal of Trent at Augsburg, tells us. It was the first time that he had journeyed out of Italy, though he had wandered as far as Rome not long before, meeting there among others

Michelangelo himself, who praised his work, and yet seems to have been dissatisfied with it, not unnaturally, as we may believe, when we remember that Michelangelo was rather a sculptor than a painter, one of the greatest draughtsmen that ever lived, not because his drawing is always correct or perfect, but that it is always expressive, and by it he lived.

Perhaps the first picture Titian made on his arrival at Augsburg was the magnificent "Equestrian Portrait of Charles V. at the Battle of Muhlberg," which to-day hangs in the Long Gallery of the Prado between two great canvases of Rubens. There is but little to describe after all in a picture that is the prototype of all equestrian portraits that have since been painted. In a rich and beautiful landscape, on the verge of certain sweet miles of park, the Emperor rides alone to battle. With what sadness he seems to go, like a solitary prisoner, the prisoner of himself in his own dream of a world! How melancholy is that pallid gray face, hardened by ambition and the inevitable sacrifice that one must make in order to realize even the tiniest of our dreams! He sits his horse easily, is indeed perfectly a part of it, firmly grasping his spear. An immense dignity, the tragic splendor of all his house, seems to isolate him almost from the world, to thrust upon him divine honors. And indeed he is like some sorrowful opposed god, about to make a gesture of command, of attack in some battle to the result of which he is really indifferent. He is so alone that we are made afraid. And yet how human in its impotence against disease and death which have already looked him in the face steadily enough, and without relenting, is that noble dignity which isolates him even from the sympathy of man! He seems to have understood everything, to have been unable to decide with himself, to find any satisfaction save in the scornful silence that alone is worthy of us, since our enemies who will demand of us the utmost that we may give, are so implacable, so much stronger than we. It is thus he has understood the vanity

of glory, the noisiness of fame, since God has drawn near to him and driven him mad with promises that he has dared to believe.

Mr. Ricketts finds certain restorations in the picture, but where so much remains that is still splendid in spite of the darkness that has crept almost like twilight over the canvas, it is but a thankless task to point out the spoliation of fools. Titian is at his greatest in this miraculous work, perhaps the finest picture in the Prado Gallery; to compare it with the work of Velasquez or Rubens is but to realize that he had forgotten more than they had been able to learn, that even with this picture before them they were not able to produce a composition equal to it in decorative beauty, or to endow their work with the same strong suggestion of life.

It was for Mary Queen-Dowager of Hungary that the two immense figures, the "Prometheus" and the "Sisyphus," now in the Prado, were painted. Taken to Spain 1556, when the Emperor definitely returned there, originally there were four of these pictures, but the "Ixion" and "Tantalus" perished in the great fire at the Prado Palace, and for many years the "Prometheus" and "Sisyphus" have passed as Spanish copies of Titian's work by Sanchez Coello. To-day, however, since they are visible really for the first time, we may assure ourselves that in the "Prometheus," at any rate, we have a really fine work from Titian's hand, and if the "Sisyphus" is less satisfying it can hardly have been the work of any other painter, since its color is so suggestive, already hinting at the miracle of the "St. Margaret."

The splendid and beautiful "Portrait of Prince Philip" belongs to the year 1550, in which Titian, who had returned to Venice in November, 1548, again crossed the Alps to Augsburg. It remains one of the most beautiful portraits in the world, with a magic of color—Mr. Ricketts calls attention to the "astonishing use made of the whites" so characteristic of Titian—a profound charm, interesting us by I know not what subtle beauty of vitality that seems to disen-

gaged itself from the dark old picture. It was that very canvas that was sent to England when the marriage of Philip with Mary Tudor of England was being arranged.

To-day it might seem as though nothing we know or may read of Philip, the recluse of the Escorial, is so full of understanding as this picture. Already he seems condemned to the solitude that was his birthright, and that he hugged to him more tightly as he grew older, that at last he really "embraced as a bride" dying daily in a world that had already deserted him. He stands there so coldly listless, his hands on his sword and on his helmet, like a ghost almost, with all the dignity of the dead, their immense indifference, their distinction. And it is really as the son of Charles V., passionate about nothing save God as it were, that he appears to us with his Father and Isabella of Portugal, in that strangely beautiful picture, "*La Gloria*," where, before the Holy Trinity, among a crowd of saints and martyrs, the King of Spain, the Emperor of Rome, wrapped in a winding-sheet with his crown at his feet, really just risen from the dead, worships the Omnipotent and Divine God, the mysterious Trinity that seems to have haunted both father and son so unfortunately almost all their lives. In all that crowd of figures, Moses, who holds aloft, not without assistance, one of the Tables of the Law; Noah, who thrusts the ark, typical of the world's salvation, toward the mysterious cold majesty of God; there is but one who still keeps a certain humanity about her, Mary Madonna, who hesitates not far from the feet of Christ.

Much that is strange in this immense picture, so full of energy, the equal majesty of Father and Son, for instance, their aloofness from humanity, may be explained perhaps as the will of Charles, here for once, at any rate, imposing itself on the old painter. And if it is here rather than in such a picture as the "*Prometheus*" that he touches the colossal dreams of Michelangelo, as a painter he still excels him as light excels twilight, though as a draughtsman he may

be said to fall short of him who was the greatest. Yet in painting at least Michelangelo has scarcely produced anything so magnificent in its daring energy as the Moses of the "*Gloria*"; and while in the "*Last Judgment*," that tremendous and restless fresco, in which Man seems to accuse God, he has forgotten the world and the visible loveliness of the earth, losing himself in thought, Titian has remembered just that, unable to forget it even in heaven, since for him those outward things were so important, and since, as we might say, for Titian, rather than for any other painter in history, the visible world exists.

In 1552 Titian had painted the "*St. Margaret*," where a beautiful distracted woman in olive-green garments flees from a dragon over the rocks, while far away stretches a landscape as lovely as any he has painted. It has the very gesture of life, this beautiful picture, impassioned and desolate.

In the "*Danae*," painted in 1554, which is so superb and yet so coarse in its splendid sensuality, you find the same passionate and tragic reluctance almost to forego the exterior things of the world, to make the sacrifices that age was demanding so insistently, even of so splendid a vitality as Titian's, as in the "*Actaeon and Diana*," so suggestive in its subject, at any rate, of the price that must be paid for having overmuch loved anything that rust and moth doth corrupt. Painted in 1559 for Philip II., the "*Actaeon and Diana*" was given in 1704 to the Duc de Grammont by Philip V., from whose hands it passed to the Galerie d'Orleans, sold in London in 1798, when it was bought with three other Titians by the Duke of Bridgewater.

It is strange to find a picture so profoundly religious, so full of a passionate eagerness of love as "*The Entombment*," belonging to the same year as the "*Actaeon*." It is as though amid all the splendor of a world he at least had found so splendid, an immense grief had swept over his soul, overwhelming everything but life itself, just for a moment,

some incredible disaster seems to have befallen, incredible in any other hands than Titian's. If you compare it for a moment with that earlier "Entombment" in the Louvre, you will understand at once the simple and yet profound way in which at last Titian has come to understand that tragedy, all tragic things that is, as though for a moment he had really understood that he must die. It is too grievous for eloquence, this hiding away of the body of the Saviour of the world, in the new tomb of Joseph, of the body of man, too, in the earth where horrible things await it, things that will insist upon confounding its beauty with themselves.

And it is in a sort of explanation, chiefly to himself perhaps, of what, after all, is inexplicable, or in a sort of rebellion against so unspeakable a disaster, that we find Titian painting the "Fall of Man," really a hymn to physical beauty, that has ever something fatal about it, perfectly happy during a single heart's-beat, while Eve, reminded by Adam, hesitates to take the fruit, not from a devil, but from love—yes, it has come to that—in the midst of the garden among the flowers! Spilled though it be, those two beautiful naked figures against the immense and spacious sky, surrounded by the nimble air, about to kiss one another, seem to explain everything in a moment, and to reconcile us with death, too, since it was the price of love, of an illuminating kiss of recognition without which how lonely would have been our happiness, how poor a thing the beautiful unsmiling world!

Something like this seems to me to be suggested, dimly enough it may be, in that sad, eager, impassioned old face that seems about to speak in Titian's portrait of himself, painted with an "impressionism" achieved in a moment, really foreseeing there, as it were, the work of Velasquez, the truthful, distinguished work of that pupil we have so loved.

In the pictures of Veronese, the "Christ and the Centurion" and the "Finding of

Moses," the first is what we might expect, almost simple, splendid and worldly, so unconsciously, so naturally as it were, that it charms you, if at all, by just that. It is the work of a man who was able to feel only in the manner of the Renaissance. If the "Finding of Moses" is his, as Mr. Ricketts believes, it is certainly one of his loveliest smaller pictures; and although Veronese is only to be understood when he is seen "at play among the fantastic chequers of the Venetian ceilings," as Ruskin reminds us, we may yet find a certain delight in his work here in Madrid, seeing that the work of the most delightful pagan of the Renaissance was appreciated by the cold fanatic court so preoccupied with the extremes of Christian asceticism, with what Christianity had become, in the heart of a people, whose whole worldly advantage seemed to lie in exploiting it.

The great pupil of Veronese, Tiepolo, whose force and movement certainly lack something of the splendor, the "candor" of his master, suggest here in Spain, at any rate, the beautiful scornful work of Goya, its impatience, its haughty contempt of a world that was not sufficiently aware of itself as we may think. The burden of etiquette, of meaningless ceremonial, so unnatural in an Italian, that the Spanish court had thrust upon Italy, spoiling a certain naivete and frank simplicity, a candor in dealing with life as characteristic of Italy in the time of Giotto, for instance, as in the high Renaissance, and as visible to-day almost as ever, was not able to ruin the work of Veronese, but you may find it at work easily enough in the weaker, more sophisticated paintings of Tiepolo. And if Goya's work, so fascinating in its rebellious energy, its far-fetched beauty, is really a return to nature and to life, it is by I know not what devious ways he has been compelled to pass, almost through an under-world, the strange dim alleys, the far horizons of Baudelaire that even to-day much of our painting has been unable to forget.



## Southern Rhodesia.

By SIR LEWIS MICHELL,  
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(From the Empire Review.)

**T**HE love of adventure always inherent in the inhabitants of these islands, their fondness for the sea, and their keen trade instincts, led them in and even before Elizabethan times to launch their frail vessels on the stormy seas and explore "new worlds." In spite of Portugal and Holland being somewhat earlier in the field, our persistent pluck prevailed, and we gradually and, as it were, unconsciously built up a vast colonial Empire, partly by conquest, partly by treaty, purchase and mere occupation. Many of the tropical and sub-tropical territories thus acquired are unfit for extensive colonization by Europeans. They are consequently administered by officials holding office for only limited periods, and thus they do not and cannot become, in the strict sense of the term, the white man's country, though they are part of his burthen so long as he has the patient tenacity to bear the "vast orb" of his fate.

With Rhodesia the case is different. Its altitude over sea-level renders it capable of extensive colonization. Its soil is, on the whole, much better than that of the coast colonies, and its rainfall is ampler and more reliable. It has, I admit, its unhealthy spots and seasons, and its early pioneers, subject as they were to many hardships, including exposure to all weathers and indifferent food supplies, have frequently fallen victims to malarial fever. But the pioneers of Rhodesia are built of sterner stuff than to

quail in the face of danger; their indomitable perseverance during the last twelve years is beyond all praise. They are true sons of Empire, and have held an outpost fort of immense strategic value, held it against all comers, against native assaults, against the ravages of wild animals, against cattle and other stock diseases, against loss of such small means as they had, against fever, sickness, and—worse perhaps, than all—against discouragement and downright misrepresentation on the part of arm-chair traducers at home.

But the spirit of Cecil Rhodes still lives and broods over the territory bearing his name. In the preface to that interesting book of travel in which Mr. Grogan described his journey through Africa from the Cape to Cairo, Cecil Rhodes reaffirmed his determination to push his railway over the same route, declaring with whimsical fervor that he declined to be beaten by the legs of a Cambridge undergraduate. With similar doggedness his Rhodesians, as he called them, have always declined to be beaten by adverse circumstances or hostile fate.

And now the worst is over. Rinderpest and rebellion have failed to shake the confidence of the settlers. The African coast fever among cattle has been grappled with and almost eradicated. The opening-up of the country by means of roads and railways is having its effect. Hospitals, hostels, more exact medical knowledge and greater precautions

on the part of colonists, are together reducing the risks of malaria. It is the fashion in some quarters to sneer at such fever as "whisky fever," but statistics and personal experience combine to testify that Rhodesia is a singularly sober community, and therefore a law-abiding community. Grave crime is scarce. Settlers have their grievances, and quite rightly they make their voices heard. They have a remarkably outspoken press and many independent organizations, such as Chambers of Commerce and of Mines and farmers associations, to say nothing of excellent municipal institutions. All these public bodies have developed a quite remarkable talent for "heckling" the governing authorities.

Under all these circumstances it is reasonable to hold that the inhabitants of Rhodesia are unlikely to slacken in their strenuous efforts to exploit the great natural resources at their disposal. There is much to be done, and something, perhaps, to be undone, for mistakes have been made in many directions. But the prospects of the territory are distinctly brightening. I say nothing more of the mining industry, which, useful as it is, is not everything. But the pastoral and agricultural resources are being more and more recognized as the primary factors in the progress of Rhodesia. The railway rates from its natural port of Beira have recently been substantially reduced. Some of the principal companies are offering land to settlers on very reasonable terms, and other companies not carrying out the essential conditions of their tenure will be called upon in due course to beneficially occupy or relinquish their holdings.

Quite recently the Chartered Company have despatched their own expert, Mr. R. D. Wise, to report on the best sites for occupation by land settlers. There seems no reason to doubt that grain of various kinds, tobacco, and perhaps cotton, will all be shortly grown on a considerable scale, some of it for consumption within the territory, but a portion for export to the Transvaal. Hitherto Johannesburg has proved too distant a market, owing to the long detour by way of De Aar.

But early in the new year the line from Fourteen Streams to Klerksdorp will much abridge the distance, and it is not perhaps generally known that, by the energy of the municipality of gallant little Mafeking, an even shorter route has, by the permission of the Chartered Company, been recently inaugurated, which is destined to have important results.

Let me dwell for a moment on the paramount importance of our Empire being self-sustaining in the matter of food-stuffs. In the present unsettled state of Europe, and with the only certain factor in the unstable equilibrium, a known jealousy of the colonial expansion of our Empire, we cannot over-estimate the necessity for keeping open the trade routes which enable adequate supplies to be poured into these islands. So long as our navy controls the open seas, the produce of Canada would practically suffice to ward off starvation from our forty millions of inhabitants. And of our ability to convoy supplies from Canada there can be no reasonable doubt, always provided that we remain on friendly terms with the United States. But to maintain, in time of war with one or more European powers, uninterrupted communications with both the Cape and Australia would be a far harder task. And therefore it is that in the highest interests of the empire South Africa should be less dependent than it is on external supplies.

At present it relies on outside sources for almost everything it eats and drinks and wears. An immediate shortage of indispensable supplies would thus be felt on the outbreak of a great war. It is therefore important that it should more fully develop its internal resources, extend its grain-growing areas and produce in greater abundance all those foodstuffs which its soil and climate enable it to grow to advantage. If, to achieve this result, a measure of protection is needed, the various South African colonies will not shrink from adopting such a policy. Of course independence of distant markets must be paid for. A comprehensive scheme of irrigation and water storage is urgently wanted in the Cape Colony.

Fortunately, the present Commissioner of Public Works there, Dr. Smarrr, is thoroughly convinced of this fact, and possesses in Mr. W. B. Gordon an irrigation expert of exceptional ability who has the confidence of the country and whose counsels may be relied on to avoid those wildcat enterprises which have, up till now, resulted in disaster.

In Rhodesia, costly irrigation works will not be so necessary for the present. But their problem is the same: how to plant out settlers of moderate means, or supported by government or private aid, and who possess at least some slight acquaintance with pastoral and agricultural pursuits. Of effective land settlement schemes on paper there is no end. Most of them are theoretical and unpractical. The time has come for action, and the next few years will decide whether a peasant or, rather, a yeoman proprietorship is feasible in South Africa, as it certainly is in Canada.

We must abandon the idea that any fool is good enough for a farm. Intelligence, thrift, capacity for work and tenacity under many discouragements, are all required to achieve success. Wastrels, however, influentially backed, will soon drift into the towns. The crowded canten bar, not the lonely furrow, is what they love and live for.

When I see the slum children of our crowded cities, with their pale, emaciated faces and stunted physique, making pretend to play in our long, unlovely streets, I do indeed heartily desire that they could be transplanted "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," to the vast sunshiny waste places of Rhodesia, where, better clad, better fed, with more elbow room and under brighter skies, they could lead happier and more wholesome lives. But practical common sense compels the admission that a process of regeneration must take place on this side of the water before city-bred children, if of criminal antecedents, would be of any service in South Africa.

This statement does not, of course, apply to children from industrial schools or to Poor Law children, who, through death or extreme poverty of parents are

temporarily children of the State. I see no reason why, under a well-considered system, involving a continuance for a time of State control, such children should not be trained in agricultural pursuits in Rhodesia. \* \* \* A scheme of indenture and apprenticeship, due regard to the humane treatment of the children being provided for, could be elaborated without difficulty.

When Cape Town, with its growing population, it adequately fed from the Malmesbury and Piquetberg districts; when Port Elizabeth can rely on Lower Albany, Kimberley on the Orange Colony, Johannesburg on its Rustenburg and Marico districts, and Rhodesia on its own products, then, but not till then, will South Africa be self-contained and capable of sustaining itself even in the event of a temporary suspension of its import trade. Secured from the danger of starvation, South Africa would have no difficulty in holding its own against external foes.

With Dutch and English heartily united for once—as they would be—I pity the invader who, in whatever strength, tried to force his way through the mountain passes of the Cape and Natal. The essential point, however, is that these colonies and Rhodesia must be independent of foreign food supplies, and thus enable our navy to concentrate on vital centers rather than be frittered away in protecting sea-borne commerce 6,000 miles from its base.

In any scheme for rendering South Africa thus independent of external supplies, Southern Rhodesia is admirably fitted to bear a leading part. Its interior position is in its favor, for it would be out of range of an enemy.

The districts of Melstetter, Inyanga, Charter, Msaiza, Mazoe, Marandellas and many others too numerous to specify, possess an excellent climate and abundance of a reasonably good soil. Both large and small stock will thrive well and multiply fast, provided "ticks" are kept under by periodical dipping. The rainfall in Matabeleland is not always sufficient, but in Mashonaland it is abundant. Wheat, barley, oat-hay, mealies, the va-

rious Kaffir cereals, potatoes and all other European vegetables grow readily; and compressed hay from the natural grasses of the country is already an important industry.

With coffee from Nyasaland, tea and sugar from Natal, tobacco from Rhodesia, wine and brandy from the Cape, South Africa, even if for a time completely isolated, should be able to feed its people provided it raised, as it easily could, enough grain for home consumption. It would thus, in war time, confer an enormous benefit on the Empire of which it is a component part. And if we really believe in our mission and recognize our responsibilities as fractional parts of one organic whole, it behooves us to lose no time in formulating by common agreement, an empire tariff that will develop the trade of both the mother and daughter States. The catchword of "back to the land" must not be allowed to exhaust the subject by vain repetition.

Translated into action, it should mean a serious effort to face a serious problem. Great Britain has the spare population and the money wherewith to expatriate them. The colonies have the land. There should be no insuperable difficulty in arriving, by conference, at a common understanding, so as to place colonization by English-speaking people, on a firm and scientific basis.

Millions of English and Irish emigrants have, within the last few years, drifted from these shores to the United States. But the force of the flowing tide is somewhat spent. The great republic is not

now so effusive as she was in her welcome to new-comers. That formerly wide-open door is now merely ajar, and aliens are practically invited to go elsewhere. The attractiveness of the States is, moreover, lessened for Irishmen, as a result of the curious decline in the importance of the Irish vote there. The time is, I think, arriving when the stream of emigration can be diverted to South Africa, and especially to Rhodesia. The question is, are we in earnest? Do we take ourselves seriously? Do we believe that we are, by the dispensation of providence, the great colonizing agency of the modern world?

(With all our insular conceit, with our "supercilious Englishman" and our "bumptious colonial" types fully marked, do we not in our hearts recognize that we are a great imperial race, and bound to promote, so far as lies in our power, the cause represented by Rhodesia's motto—"Justice, freedom, commerce"? To answer my own question, and at the same time conclude this article, may I quote an anecdote of Cecil Rhodes? "We Englishmen," he once said to me, "we Englishmen have unbounded faith in our own superiority as rulers of inferior races. We are the most conceited creatures on God's earth. We actually believe that we are on a higher plane than all other nations." And then, after a long pause, while he sat silent with his head thrown curiously forward, I heard him say softly to himself, "And so we are!"



## The Three Scandinavian Schools of Composers.

By A. E. KEELTON.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

### I.

A faint far horn was blown—  
I listened—and the hollow North  
Grew thunderous and sweet with sound.

**T**WO tendencies propel the modern movement in Art—Nationalism and Cosmopolitanism. To discuss which is the superior of these would assuredly be futile. The one is indeed the outcome of the other, for the greatest works of art, the highest products of human genius, have always been first of all individual and national, and unswervingly true to the soil of their birth, whilst the crucial test of their greatness has been the fact that they have become cosmopolitan and universal. As the oak is virtually contained in the acorn, so the universal importance of a noble feeling and thought is contained in the national significance. Nowhere is the striving after nationalism more apparent in our day than in music. The student finds himself confronted by an English school, a Russian school, a Bohemian school, a Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish school, all as widely differing in their character as do their respective nationalities. The last three mentioned schools might, however, be conveniently grouped under the heading Scandinavian.

Among Scandinavian musicians, nationalism strikes us as distinctly predominating over individuality. These composers reveal not so much their own personalities, but rather the physical and geographical aspects of their countries.

Their chief worth and charm, in fact, lie in the unconscious spontaneity and the simple sincerity with which they express the beauties and realities of nature, exactly as these come within their range of vision. Their own individual longings and aspirations seem held in abeyance, and their music comes to us permeated and enveloped in the spirit and atmosphere of their countries' landscape and scenery.

It is this geographic, climatic element which can render Scandinavian music so wonderfully graphic and picturesque. It imparts to its tones a bracing, open-air breeziness of expression, a pungency recalling the mingled scents of pine and beechwood, of fir and balsam-willow, which greet the traveler as he nears the fjords, fjelds, or hafens of the Scandinavian coasts. A certain impetuous freedom is moreover to be observed in most Scandinavian music which betokens the struggles of generations, not against human oppression, but rather against the rigors of climate. There is nothing languorous about the Scandinavian composers; at times they evince what one can only term a frugality and reserve of emotion. Their style is wanting in the lavishly embroidered themes and arabesques which characterize the great Russian school of composers, for instance, and they remind us of the hardy sons of a soil that requires careful tillage and husbandry before it will yield so much even as the bare bread of existence.

Such "nature" music as theirs, too, is



worthy of a race descendant from the old Vikings and fierce seafaring Northmen, whose rude appreciations of the beauties of storm, sea, mist, sunshine, or rainbow gave birth to one of the grandest and most imaginative mythologies the world has ever known. A mythology which is based much more upon nature itself than upon humanity, and which first represented man as an elm, woman as an ash; the two growing side by side upon a green earth rising out of a vast ocean spanned by a glittering rainbow; and yet a mythology claiming, in direct opposition to all this poesy of nature, a prosaic and materialistic paradise consisting of a Valhalla where fighting and feasting constituted the highest forms of enjoyment. Thus the musicians of the three representative branches of the Scandinavian race are at one in their worship, nay, their idolatry of nature, and at one also in their manifestations of nature in their art. But each of them seeks, above all, to express himself in his own native tongue, and inasmuch as the natural features of the three countries which comprise Scandinavia have their essential differences, so also the works of the exponents of these three schools of music have their radical distinctions.

## II.

Denmark is, geographically speaking, the nearest to Germany of the Scandinavian group of countries; and physically it has much affinity with its Teutonic neighbor, and also, it might be added, with England. The Danish landscape is less wild, less romantic than that of either Norway or Sweden, but it possesses, nevertheless, its own quiet characteristic charm. It is a land of undulating cornfields and rich pasture lands, alternated with fruitful orchards or dark beech forests sloping in shady stillness down to the sea's edge. The inhabitants are a pleasant, homely people, industrious, intelligent, cheerful, and eminently hospitable. Of the gloomy fatalism and restless self-communing epitomized by Shakespeare in "Hamlet" as the keynote of the national character,

there is but little trace in the contemporary Dane. Neither is there any ring of sadness in the national songs. These are simple, gay little ditties, with a smooth, well-balanced rhythm, and plain, dominant-tonic harmonies. They are more often major than minor, and their words are usually reminiscences of the delights, of the chase, of war, or of seafaring.

The two musicians who first thought of introducing these melodies into their compositions were the Germans, Weyse and Kuhlau (of sonatina fame), who settled in Copenhagen in the early part of the nineteenth century. They were both of them industrious music manufacturers, chiefly of opera, and they used the national song merely in a pot-pourri style, without ever catching its true inspiration. Their prolific effusions are probably long since eliminated from Danish opera-houses. It was only with the advent of Niels Gade (1817-1890), and the still more important J. P. E. Hartmann (1805-1900), that two definitely Danish composers may be said to have arisen. They appeared at a time when Leipzig was the musical "Mecca" of the whole of Europe—Russia excepted. Mendelssohn's fame was then at its zenith, and his influence for the moment threatened to swallow up and engulf any individual strivings elsewhere. Schumann, ever ready to welcome new talent, has a fanciful passage somewhere in his delightful "Musik und Musiker," where he greets the newcomers, and is quick to note the new national element in their work.

Of Gade, however, it cannot be gainsaid that he always remained to a great extent under German, and more especially Mendelssohnian, influence; he is national, though in so far that his music has the naive freshness and delicate touch which captivate us in the writings of his compatriot Hans Andersen, certain passages in some of his symphonies or overtures, together with many of his bewitching little "aquarellen" for the piano, might well have been inspired by Andersen's "Maerchen." Niels Gade had a brilliant career, and his compositions

had already won him popularity long before his death.

Turning from Gade to Hartmann, we find music of an altogether more original, bolder stamp. Hartmann began composing as a child, and remained active in production almost up to the day of his death at the ripe age of nearly ninety-five. His early efforts were in nowise remarkable for their distinctive nationality, and it was not until about 1840 that he clearly betrayed his Danish blood in a delightful little two-act opera, "Liden Kirsten" ("Little Christian"). The fine overture to Oelenschlager's tragedy "Hakon Jarl" and his funeral march in memory of the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen were produced about the same time, and all three works may be said to be impregnated with the spirit of the Danish people. Their tone is simple, yet noble and dignified and absolutely sincere. From the date of the appearance of "Liden Kirsten" Hartmann never hesitated in pursuing his independent national course. He repudiated once and for all the classic traditions to which a Leipsic training might have caused him to adhere, and avowed himself to be a national romanticist. His ideas were mostly cast in the large and expensive direction which demands an orchestra and chorus for their fulfilment.

His chief work is his "Wolwen's Prophecy," for male chorus and orchestra, the text being a fragment from one of the most famous Eddas. In the beginning, the "Wolwen," a mysterious female conception, broods over the destiny of the gods, with a questioning, tender melancholy. The dawn of Christianity dimly rising dooms their supremacy, and the action of the music alternates between chorus and orchestra, depicting with an extraordinary dash and vigor of rhythm and harmonic effect the contending elements of evil and hatred rife among gods and men. Gradually, however, a beneficent prophecy of the "Wolwen" triumphs, all is once more gentleness and peace. "He comes, who shall judge all and end all strife and bitterness, and He shall declare what is holy and good to the whole world." Hartmann's "Wol-

wen's Prophecy" is perhaps the most important musical embodiment of the spirit of the Viking race which has yet been heard. He had not Wagner's epoch-making, scientific genius; but for all that he approaches far nearer to the primitive rugged simplicity of these semi-divine, semi-human heroes than Wagner succeeded in doing in his Nibelungen Trilogy. Those who have been fortunate enough to hear "Wolwen's Prophecy" well rendered by native performers easily grasp the significance of the phrase, "dark and true and tender is the North."

Hartmann wrote some chamber music and some very charming and characteristic ballet music. Also, "The Golden Horn," a melodrama in the original sense of the term, i. e., words spoken to music, as remodelled from the Greek by the Frenchman Jean Jacques Rousseau, and of which interesting modern examples exist in Schumann's "Manfred," Grieg's "Bergliot," Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal," and the "Enoch Arden" of Richard Strauss.

A Danish composer who has, if we may so express it, hybridized the art-song from the folk-song with exquisite charm is Lange-Muller. A whole list of gems might be quoted from this musician's ballads, contained in several volumes, not unworthy of a place beside the lyrics of Schubert and Robert Franz; two may be specially cited: "The Youth" and a setting of Ibsen's "Einar and Agnes."

To the names of Niels Gade, Lange-Muller and J. P. E. Hartmann may be added those of the latter's son, Emil Hartmann, August Enna, Otto Malling, Paul Heise and L. Schytte. The last-mentioned is fairly well known among English amateurs, but very little if anything by the others has as yet been heard in England; nor are their names so much as included in any musical dictionary. They are all comparatively young men, enjoying the full plenitude of their mental and emotional prime. They have so far distinguished themselves chiefly in chamber music, in opera and in some beautiful songs. They represent a complete little Danish school, as

narrow in its numbers as are the limits of the country which gave them birth, but nevertheless truly meriting to be reckoned as a "school" on account of the independence of thought and the single-hearted straightforwardness exhibited by its members.

### III.

Sweden is especially a land of song, its people being mostly endowed with good voices; and it is a country which has frequently given to the world distinguished singers, of whom Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson are two memorable examples. The Swedish folk-songs are among the most beautiful known. The influence of geography and climate is evident; the Swedish tune breathes the spirit of scenery neither so heroic, nor so dramatic, nor so mysterious as that of Norway, but with a vein of true poetry made visible now in its rushing streams, or anon in the calm of its silvery lakes, blue and glittering in the summer sunshine, icebound and gray in winter when the rhythmic whirr of the skater's blade is heard on every side. In some of the Swedish melodies we now and then catch a strain of melancholy, but for the most part they are merry and arch, full of happy little shakes and trills very similar to the folk-songs heard in the Tyrol; of this latter type are the melodies of Dalecarlia, the Swedish province so well described by George Sand in her "*L'Homme de Neige*."

There are many fine choirs and choruses established not only in the principal Swedish towns, but also in the outlying country districts. Two of the best associations of this kind are the "*Orfen Dranger*" (Lads of Orpheus) at Upsala, and "*Bellmann's Chorus*" at Stockholm. The folk-song is a cherished and important item in the repertory of every choir, and, possibly as an outcome of the attention devoted to vocal music in Sweden, the most prominent characteristic of the modern Swedish composers is their lyricism. They have all written numbers of very beautiful and essentially vocal songs, and most of them have turned to lyric drama. Sweden, like Denmark, has

during the last few years become possessed of a national subsidised opera, and Swedish composers therefore have ample encouragement for the furtherance and development of an operatic school. The impetus thus given is apparent in Wallstrom's operas, "*The Mountain King*," "*The Gnome's Bride*" and "*The Voyage of the Vikings*," which have become favorites during the last decade. Hallen is another composer who has won himself recognition by his "*Harald the Viking*" and his "*Waldemars Katten*"; and yet another powerful opera is Stenhammer's "*Tirfing*." The titles of these works sufficiently indicate their national subjects and the local color with which the music is always in close sympathy.

Among Swedish composers of an earlier date are A. Lindblad (1801-1878), a song composer, who wrote many of his songs expressly for Jenny Lind, who was for a time his pupil. Lindblad's style is very original, and at the same time he knew exactly how to faire valoir the voice, if we may borrow an untranslatable French term. "*Near and Far*," "*A Young Girl's Morning Mood*," "*The Song of a Dalecarlian Maid*," "*She Sings No More*," "*The Little Chimney Sweep*," or "*A Wedding March*," are all fine examples of his art, which though small in scope is yet quite perfect of its kind. Equally national but more versatile than Lindblad was Auguste Sodermann (1832-1876). His vocal quartet, "*Elt Bond Brollup*" (a peasant's wedding), a spirited work full of sparkling themes and melodies, is constantly performed throughout all Scandinavia. Sodermann wrote operettas, masses, and a quantity of incidental and vocal music; it was in the latter that he particularly excelled.

Following the national trend of these, there is at present a select coterie of Swedish musicians, all in the full vigor of musical activity and creativeness. Among them may be quoted August Körling, Wilhelm Peterson Berger, Ludwig Norman, Lennart Lundberg, Lindstrom, Gustav Geijer, Ballmann, Dannstrom, and Sjogren. Of this group the only one whose works are familiar to the generality of English concert goers is

doubtless the last mentioned, whose interesting chamber music as well as his symphonies and songs appear from time to time upon London concert programmes.

#### IV.

The Norwegian is of the three schools the most prolific in composers. The works of these are, as a whole, far more difficult of analysis than the compositions of their neighbors. The Norwegian music is more complex than that of the Danes, and infinitely more melancholy than the generality of Swedish utterances. In the Norwegian folk-songs we at once perceive certain germs which could help produce the musical genius of a Grieg. The most important collection of these popular melodies is that of Lindemann, which consists of over 500 examples. After studying these continuously for some weeks there lingers in one's memory a curious mingling of impressions; the mind retains a strange, mixed sense of turbulence, dreariness, fierceness, resignation. The Norwegian tune is absolutely primitive in structure, but of extraordinary complexity of spirit. Here, again, the environment of geography and climate seems to have dived deep into the very soul of the Norwegian people. Their songs are a faithful reflex of a land of abrupt physical contrasts. They depict the intensified radiance of a brief Norwegian summer, the pitiless severity of a winter in a snow-clad Norwegian valley. They suggest the swirls and eddies of a Norwegian stream or the jagged contour of a Norwegian mountain peak. Their rhythms have neither the even balance of the German "Volkslied" nor the undulations and curves of the Swedish songs; they are wayward and free, yet without those broad recitative cadences peculiar to many of the Russian folk-songs—cadences which never fail to remind the listener of the monotonous stillness and limitless space of a Russian steppe.

No, the freedom of the Norwegian rhythm is contained in its quirkish skips and twirls, where we assuredly catch the echo of the Norwegian peasant's agile

step as he hops in his hob-nailed boots through his favorite "Sprung-tanz" or "Halling"—a performance more conspicuous for its energy than for its grace. The Norwegian peasant, too, is highly imaginative. In default of human companionship, he peoples his lonely, sparsely-inhabited valleys with strange conversing animals or trolls; it is the texture which superstition has assumed in Norway, that lends to its popular music much of its drollery and elfishness.

One persistent feature in the Norwegian folk-song is its tendency to end sharply with, as it were, a note of interrogation. This is but another geographic phase in its construction. It obviously reveals a mountaineering people, who eagerly climb their hills longing to see what is on the other side, but who only reach higher and higher peaks, till at length, when they do attain the final summit, it is but to find themselves confronted with an expanse of horizon—a horizon which merely tells of the proximity of that restless ocean which has never yet answered a single questioning of man. There is something unfulfilled, unsatisfied, almost verging on rebelliousness in this abrupt cadence. How well Grieg has caught its spirit is familiar to all who have studied his music; it is one of his main characteristics, and it greets us, moreover, continually in other phases of Norwegian art—in some of the best dramas of Ibsen, for example, in which a final climax is avoided as if untrue to the lessons taught by life or by nature.

We have said that nationalism is decidedly more prominent among Scandinavian musicians than is individuality. Grieg is, however, a conspicuous exception. Sincerely national, he is at the same time so distinct in his individuality that his compositions are absolutely unmistakable. He remains the central figure upon the arena of Scandinavian music. He was born in 1843, and, like Gade and Hartmann, he received a musical drilling at Leipzig, but belonging to a younger generation than either of these he was able to profit by their national bent. The starting point in his career of nationality, though, was not so much

their influence as the result of a chance meeting with Rikard Nordraak, a Norwegian musician who may be termed the father of the Norwegian school of music. Nordraak, unfortunately, died too young to see the results of the impetus which he gave to Norwegian compositions, but not before he had inspired Grieg with an enthusiasm equal to his own. "The scales fell from my eyes," remarked the latter; "through Nordraak I first learned to know the feelings of the people and my own nature. We conspired against any effeminate Scandinavianism mixed with Mendelssohnianism which still lingered in Gade's tones, and with joy we entered the new path along which the Northern school is now traveling."

Grieg's compositions, viewed as an entirety, may be said to be grafted upon the national songs of Norway. Nothing would have been more remote from his methods than anything savoring of *pot-pourri* variations; but he presents to us in his music a picture of the Norwegian landscape, and assimilates the spirit of the Norwegian people as only a simple son of Norwegian nature could do. His fancy has led him toward smaller forms than the grandiose types which attracted Hartmann.

Thus opera, oratorio, symphony have never allured Grieg; it is in the suite, the song, or in chamber-music that he chiefly delights and is at his best. He is elfish, freakish, rugged, abrupt in his style, but always sincere and genial. He has been frequently styled the "Chopin of the North," but the essence of the genius of the two composers is so utterly apart that the title is scarcely a happy one. It is true that the music of both composers is equally small and perfect in genre and finish. Both, too, have used the native folk-tones and dance-rhythms of their respective countries, but if the national melodies of Poland are at the root of Chopin's music, it is nevertheless undeniable that this same music blossomed and reached its full perfection in the midst of Parisian salons, and it is when heard in a polished, cultured entourage that Chopin's compositions always seem in their right element.

As Schumann put it: "Only princesses and countesses ought to take a part in Chopin's dances." Grieg, on the contrary, one would best like to hear in some remote Norwegian village. A crowded concert hall always strikes us as forming an incongruous background to such rustic strains.

Chopin, it must also be granted, was pessimistic to the point of being morbid; Grieg, on the other hand, though often melancholy, has too much healthy vitality and freshness about his tones for them ever to become pessimistic, much less morbid. He is in close sympathy with contemporary leaders of Norwegian literature, especially with Bjørnsen and Ibsen. The naïve simplicity of the former, and the strange blending of realism and mysticism in the latter, are all traits which apparently find vibrating echoes of kindred feeling in Grieg. His wealth of harmonic invention almost defies analysis; an excellent type of his style in miniature is his song "A Swan"—a setting of words by Ibsen. Its form and structure are of the simplest. Throughout its thirty-one bars one single modulation for the voice occurs; the accompaniment, while it has a basis of plain, dominant-tonic harmony, modulates—and mostly chromatically—at every bar, nay, even at every beat. The effect, albeit harsh and rugged, is at the same time singularly fascinating and alluring. To future generations of students, Grieg's music will probably become a valuable product in the science of harmonic progressions; no living composer surpasses him in fertility and grip of harmonic technique; and he is only equalled, perhaps, by the German Richard Strauss and the Russian Rimski-Korsakov.

Three years Grieg's senior is Johann Svendsen, an eminent Norwegian violinist and conductor, who has written several excellent symphonies and other orchestral works, also some good chamber-music and songs. Svendsen has a smooth, flowing style, and, without equalling Grieg in boldness and originality of harmony, he has still a true poetic fantasy and inspiration. He has been much in Iceland and the Faroe Isles, and has



made frequent and deft use of Icelandic themes and melodies. His best known work here is probably his romance in G for violin and orchestra.

It is to the credit of Norway to possess a very remarkable woman composer, Agatha Backer-Grondahl, whose merits are, with the general consent of her countrymen, placed upon a level with those of Greig. Without being in any way an imitator, she has much the same quiet humor and drollery as Grieg. But the highest praise that one can bestow upon Agatha Backer-Grondahl is, perhaps, that her music is undoubtedly written by a woman. In this respect her genius may be justly compared with that of Mrs. Browning or of Madame Lebrun. Her compositions are chiefly for the voice or piano. She has succeeded in defining the line which separates the effeminate from the feminine, and her compositions are instinct with those feminine qualities of grace, sweetness, and charm with which women, strangely enough, rarely can or will imbue their art creations; and, moreover, the national note echoes and re-echoes through her work. But she catches the dreaminess and stillness of certain phases of Norwegian nature rather than their more robust and boisterous effects.

Did space permit, one would like to dwell upon the exquisite songs of Kjerulf; the brilliant dances of the Norwegian "Strauss," Per Lasson; or the chamber-music of Sinding; as well as the works of Halvorsen, Selmer, Elling, Haarklon.

Ole Olsen, or Holter, names familiar upon every Scandinavian programme. The music of native composers is much in vogue in Scandinavia, and the praise and encouragement vouchsafed them by their immediate public appear to be the only guerdon they seek; few of them looking for notoriety further afield.

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If, as has been already suggested, the crucial test of excellence in the greatest works of art lies in the fact of their becoming cosmopolitan and universal, then is Grieg the solitary one among this Scandinavian group of composers who has as yet reached this summit of fulfilment. But it must be remembered that the so-called national movement in art is of recent growth, and even in these rapid times of telegraphs and telephones the progress of art-appreciation moves slowly and in comparatively small circles. To really grasp the significance of the musical movement in Scandinavia we must not merely have hurried through the country by rail and boat, but have sojourned for some time in its midst, and pierced the outer shell that environs the thought and passion of its peoples. Then assuredly the message of Scandinavian music comes to us with all the force of an unexpected revelation. And its under-current of healthy energy and vigor supplies, so to speak, the same tonic to our ears and minds that the Scandinavian scenery and air affords to our eyes and bodies.



## Medieval Architectural Refinements

By L. INGLEBY WOOD.

(From the Burlington Magazine.)

**A** REMARKABLE exhibition of photographs and drawings was recently held in Edinburgh, the teachings of which may go far to change the views of architects and antiquaries upon some of the hitherto unexplained features in the architecture of the middle ages.

Whilst exhibitions for the most part serve to illustrate all that is most perfect in the arts and sciences, the object of this particular collection is to point out and explain certain so-called imperfections present in some of the edifices of mediæval Europe, which up to now have been considered as defects due to a variety of causes, such as subsidence, bad workmanship, etc. A study, however, of the some three hundred photographs and surveys which formed the exhibition has gone far to convince the most sceptical that such deviations from the normal are the result of premeditation and are not due to accident.

The collection is the result of some thirty-five years of research and study on the part of Mr. William Henry Goodyear, of the Institute of Sciences and Arts, Brooklyn, U. S. A., into the introduction and employment in the buildings of the middle ages of these apparent imperfections, which, he asserts, are a distinct survival of the now well-known refinements which are present in many of the temples of classical Greece. These refinements have always been assumed to have died with the other arts of the Greeks, but Mr. Goodyear maintains that, so far from this being the case, these aids

to the beauty of a building survived through generations of workmen and were employed in many of the finest monuments of medieval Europe.

Classical Grecian architecture as practised by architects from the middle of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century is found to be largely lacking in spirit, though correct enough in plan and detail. This arises to a great extent from the fact that though architects, from the middle of the eighteenth century downwards, took as their models such beautiful buildings as the Parthenon and other Greek temples, they were oblivious to the fact that the apparently horizontal and vertical lines of these buildings were not in reality true horizontals or verticals, but were composed of a series of delicate curves and leans, quite, or nearly, imperceptible to the eye.

So delicate were these curves and leans that for nearly one hundred years architects had examined the buildings of classic Greece without suspecting their presence, and such men as Messrs. Stuart and Revett measured, and it must be presumed carefully, in 1756, the whole of the Parthenon, and Lord Elgin had likewise worked upon and examined the same building, without discovering these deviations from the normal.

It was not until the year 1837 that Mr. John Pennethorne, a young architect, discovered and brought these remarkable facts before the notice of the architectural and scientific world.

His statements, as is so often the case

with discoveries of new facts, were at the time received with incredulity and were looked upon as the vaporings of a crank. It remained for another architect, Mr. Francis Crammer Penrose, to re-acquaint the public with these facts some fifteen years later. In the interval between the discoveries of these two architects being made known, other men had been making some independent research into the architecture of ancient Greece, with the result that Penrose's statements were given a somewhat different reception to those of the real discoverer of these refinements.

The result of such researches very naturally altered the study and practice of Grecian architecture, and it was with a similar object in view, that of throwing new light upon the methods of the mediæval builders, that the Edinburgh Architectural Association brought over this collection from Brooklyn, and held an exhibition of it in Edinburgh.

It must not, however, be imagined that the majority of these mediæval refinements which are shown in the exhibition have been in any way unknown to modern architects; but up till now only a few men, such as Ruskin and Fergusson, have believed that these deviations from mathematical symmetry were due to anything but careless building, settlement of foundations, etc. Even Ruskin, whilst conceding the fact that there are in certain of the Italian churches aids to the perspective value of the buildings, only acknowledged the use of such in a half-hearted way, whilst other refinements he entirely overlooked or put down to the carelessness of the mediæval mason.

Mr. Goodyear made in 1870 his first discovery that these apparent deviations and imperfections were not in reality due to bad building or to accident, but were employed designedly and with a purpose. It was in that year that he proved to his satisfaction, by means of a careful series of experiments, that the very apparent sloping cornices on the exterior of the Cathedral at Pisa were built in this manner in order to increase the apparent length of the building when viewed by the spectator from a certain

point. An examination of the interior of the same church disclosed similar and other refinements, many of which increase the apparent length of the building when seen from the west end.

His discovery of these "refinements" in Pisa Cathedral and other churches in the same town started Mr. Goodyear upon his long years of examination and research, which up till now have included nearly every important church in the north of Italy and many of those in northern France. It is not, however, intended that his investigations should stop here, but it is proposed to continue them into the architecture of other countries and particularly that of Great Britain.

Those "refinements" which up till now have been discovered may be classed, more or less, under two general headings—(a) those which help the perspective value of a building by increasing its apparent size, or by creating an air of mystery by throwing the line of vision off a recognized point, and (b) those which have been apparently placed in the buildings from a mere dislike upon the part of the mediæval builder to mathematical symmetry, or from a desire to be grotesque. The first of these very general headings may be subdivided into groups, which are more explanatory, and which are summarized to the following effect—

(1) The construction of piers and of the vaulting above in a delicate curve which sometimes leans into and sometimes away from the nave, and also makes a transition curve to the arch of the vaulting. Such a curve is present in the cathedrals of Pisa and Vicenza; and as a proof that such a refinement is not due to thrust, or pushing outward, of the vaulting in the side aisles, it may be mentioned that no such construction is present in the latter building.

(2) The survival of the entasis or swelling out of a column used by the Greeks and Romans to correct the optical illusion of an apparent contraction of the lines of column were this refinement absent. This particular feature has generally been supposed to have perished with the classic builders, but several of the

churches examined show its use, and examples of it are to be found in the cathedral of Fiesole, and the thirteenth-century church of Notre Dame at Chalons.

(3) The leaning outward of the nave piers away from the nave. Such a refinement occurs in many of the churches shown in the exhibition, one of the chief examples being in the nave piers of Pisa Cathedral, whilst a similar refinement is present in St. Mark's, Venice.

(4) The leaning forward of the west front or facade of a church, as at St. Mark's, Venice, and Pisa Cathedral. This leaning forward was evidently used to correct the foreshortening and consequent loss of detail in a lofty facade.

(5) Leans in circular towers which are not due to accident. This refinement, or rather deviation from the normal, comes under the second general heading, and the famous leaning tower of Pisa is, perhaps, the most notable example of such a building. Much controversy has raged round this particular structure, as to whether or not it was built with the lean as it now appears, and Mr. Goodyear's investigations have gone far to prove and strengthen the opinions of those who contend that the tower was intentionally built as it now stands.

(6) Curves in plan of horizontal cornice lines. This refinement appears to be a direct survival of the Greek curves in plan, as many of the medieval examples show as much delicacy as do the Greek ones. Such curves in plan produce the effect of curves in elevation when viewed by a spectator from below.

(7) Curves, generally parallel, on plan in the alignment of the columns of a nave and choir, the wall above the columns taking and following the same curves. Such parallel curves, and also others convex to one another, are found in Pisa Cathedral, and were in all probability used to mystify the eye by getting away from the straight line.

(8) Curves in elevation, a form of refinement which has the same effect as curves in plan. Pisa Cathedral shows examples of such curves.

(9) An addition of greater apparent length is produced in some churches by

dropping the second of the transverse arches which span the nave at the crossing below the level of the first one, thus giving a false perspective. Siena Cathedral has a good example of this refinement, the second arch at the crossing being five feet below the level of the first.

(10) Another method of increasing the apparent length of a church consisted in making one of the arch openings of the nave, generally the third from the west entrance, considerably wider than those toward the east end, and also by decreasing the size of the other openings in the same direction. The spectator entering a church by the west doorway naturally takes the size of the arch opening upon which his eye first rests as the size of all the others, the eye not being a delicate enough instrument to notice the difference in size without a close observation. Sometimes with or without this particular refinement two others were used—that of decreasing the height of the arches toward the choir and sloping the pavement upward in the same direction, all of which helped to increase the perspective illusion by giving apparently greater length to the church than it really possessed.

(11) The converging of the walls of a church toward the east end. This had a somewhat similar effect upon the spectator as the refinements mentioned under the last heading.

(12) The twisting of the choir of a church toward the north or south is a deviation which has been noted by most students of architecture, but the general explanation that it represents the inclination of Our Lord's the cross is discounted by Mr. Goodyear, who urges that there is no evidence, medieval or modern, to support this theory. That this deviation was used merely as a method to mystify the eye seems to be a much more plausible explanation.

(13) A refinement somewhat analogous to (12) consists of building a church with an oblique or twisted plan, the object aimed at being the same as the last. To the spectator, who is not aware of this obliquity of plan, the fact that the walls

are not rectangular is not noticeable, and the effect produced upon him is quite an unconscious one. Out of the thirty-five churches which have been measured and examined for this obliquity, it may be mentioned that only one of them appears correctly drawn in any standard work upon architecture, the authors of such works having assumed that the churches in which this deviation is present have walls which are at right angles to one another.

(14) Under the heading of "Symmetrophobia," or dislike of mathematical symmetry, must be classed certain irregularities in mediæval architecture which cannot be ascribed to any other motive. A characteristic example of such an irregularity appears in one of the columns of the exterior choir gallery of the church of Sta. Maria della Pieve, at Arezzo, which has a bend or knee in the middle.

Although so many examples of refinements are shown in this exhibition, it must not be imagined that every deviation from the straight line has been included. Many of the churches and other buildings examined in the course of the investigations showed certain irregularities which may or may not be "refinements," but which, owing to want of constructive evidence, could not be included. Mr. Goodyear has taken extreme care that the particular examples of "refinements" shown in this exhibition should demonstrate to the student that such refinements were employed designedly, and were not due to careless setting out, sinking of foundations, earthquakes, or other accidents; and he has rejected all which might possibly have been due to any such accidental cause.

As has been already said, the exhibits in this exhibition consist largely of examples of these refinements taken from north Italian churches and those in northern France, though of course it is not proposed to stop here.

Beginning with certain examples of Greek buildings, which have curves in plan and curves in elevation, many of the photographs showed similar curves in

Roman and twelfth century buildings. Several photographs of mosques, once Christian churches, at Constantinople showed the curious refinement of the interior walls built with an upward slope, or horseshoe form, a method of building also employed in St. Mark's, Venice.

A large section of the exhibition was devoted to photographs and drawings of Pisa Cathedral, which, as mentioned before, is particularly rich in refinements; parallel curves in plan, others convex to one another, curves in elevation, sloping piers, and other refinements too numerous and subtle to mention here, are shown as existing in the wonderful building.

St. Mark's, Venice, like Pisa Cathedral, is full of such curves and leans. Doubt has been thrown upon the value of such a survey of St. Mark's owing to an unfounded idea of insecure foundations, but a certificate given to Mr. Goodyear by the late Signor Saccardo, architect in charge of the cathedral, certifying certain deviations investigated by Mr. Goodyear as being constructive and not accidental, ought to go far to convince the unbelieving.

As was the case with Mr. Pennethorne, Mr. Goodyear's discoveries have not been received without scorn, and he has been subjected to a good deal of criticism, fair and otherwise; but that he is not by any means without supporters may be noted from the fact that two architects in America have seen fit to adopt his teachings, by introducing into two churches, the Episcopal Cathedral at New York, and the Cathedral at Denver, designed by them, certain of the refinements mentioned in this article. In this country these views are somewhat novel; there is much tradition to upset, and we move slowly as a nation; but the majority of those who have seen the exhibition must be convinced of the value of the discoveries and researches, and it seems quite possible that we have at last discovered the means of producing, in a measure, those qualities which are so lacking in our modern Gothic buildings—mystery and spirit.



## Reminiscences of a Diplomatist,

### PART III.

#### St. Petersburg Before the Crimean War.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)



Y progress in the descensus Averno having made the araucarias and archives of Pencarrow as far from me as the Winter Palace, the present narrative cannot benefit by a kindly suggestion that it might be improved by extracts from my letters to my friend of the Cabinet. If Sir William Molesworth, conformably to Lord John Russell's advice, kept my later epistles in his own hands, his behavior would have been very un-English. When war against Perseus of Macedon was settled in Rome, the matter did not leak out for four years, although all the three hundred members of the Senate were in the secret. In London the equivalent period of reliable official reserve might be three days. The accounts received by our Chancery of the communication of Sir Hamilton's reports to the London press may have been guesswork; but, to judge from the "Greville Memoirs" and similar books, the Ministerial practice of the time was remarkably liberal in regard to dispatches labelled "Secret and Confidential," the contents of which, or even the documents themselves, not unfrequently found their way into private hands. The question whether much harm is done by such infractions of the laws of red-tape need not be ventilated here, and I proceed to other topics.

The foreigner visiting high latitudes thinks the proceedings of the sun very strange. Your winter breakfast must be eaten with a lamp which at lunch you

require again, as the orb of day is generally invisible. In the summer you long for a little darkness, but it never comes, except during a few minutes of "twilight gray": good print is always easily readable out of doors, or at a free window. This boreal specialty has its advantages. There could be no more charming excursion than an evening steam trip down the Neva, and over the anerithmon gelasma of the head of the gulf of Finland to "the lock of the street door," as the Czar Alexander called Cronstadt. The study of books and periodicals, and talks with Russian officers, who were mostly communicative enough on professional topics, had made me a small Intelligence Department regarding the fortress and the fleet, and in the summer I added fresh scraps of knowledge to my existing modicum of information. There was no visible jealousy of strangers, and you could wander round the shore defenses of the "Rat Island" without interruption. You might even walk into the jaws of the terrible Fort Mentschikoff and count the twelve-inch guns at your leisure.

One evening, the little steamer having dropped me at the pier on the northern, or Finnish, side of the island, near the back of the War Harbor, I passed over a drawbridge through a defended gateway adjacent to a guardhouse and a wall pierced with sixteen loopholes constructed on the semi-casement "Haxo" system. This minor apparatus of protective masonry satisfied the needs of the local

situation; for the water-road between this end of the island and the promontory of Lisi Noss, on the opposite Finnish coast, was obstructed by a double line of wooden piles filled in with masses of granite, so that the passage of an enemy's fleet by this back channel of approach was out of the question. Getting into a pair-oared boat at the pier, after taking a look round, and ascertaining from the men that the local depth of water did not exceed two fathoms, I ordered the boat to put about, whereupon, skirting the War Harbor and the awful Mentschikoff, we made for Oranienbaum, a small town on the south side of the gulf, where the Czar had a summer residence. The pull over the six miles of the Oranienbaum spit afforded a delightful view of Cronstadt's "tiara of proud towers" rising "at airy distance" above the water, with its gleams of pearl and silver.

In the boat the usual horological puzzle came forward: with broad daylight my watch-hands pointed to 12 p. m. The nocturnal row ended, one of the men found an *istvoschik*, who seemed to be an unusual proficient in the Russian science of bargaining, without resorting to which you never paid away a single *kopek*. To the usual question "*Skolko?*" (How much?), my friend in the *kaftan* answered "*Vossem rubleicerebrom*" (eight silver roubles), a proposal met on my side by the offer of five, which was accepted. The jolting of a good three hours' homeward canter did not keep me awake, and after the door of the Legation had been opened for me by the *dvornik*, I went quickly upstairs, and was again soon in the sleep of the just.

The residential splendor of the Bay of Cronstadt are not confined to the capital. Over the pleasant meadow and villa country within a radius of twenty miles from the city is scattered a profusion of palaces and chateaux, each in its park and garden, built for Peter the Great and his successors by Italian and French architects. I must skip the delightful summer resort Oranienbaum, called from its walks and flower-beds the "Russian Versailles"—a comparison which Lenotre

would probably have resented. Of more magnetic interest than that favorite residence of Peter and Catharine, and its Chinese garden and other adjuncts, were the golden cupolas of Peterhof—a name now familiar enough—rising above a noble terrace in park-like grounds beautified by purling brooks, water-basins, cascades, and other appurtenances of horticultural and stone-work decoration. The resources of verbal description are baffled by the array of gilt statues and vases encircling a marble basin faced by a double waterfall, where a golden Samson, holding apart the jaws of his lion to let him spout up a huge jet of water, points the way to rows of further fountains leading through a park to the shore of the gulf.

The spacious central palace, copied (not without limitations) from Versailles by Peter and Catharine, was much occupied by Nicholas I. for his *villeggiatura*. The splendid internal appointments of silk, Gobelins, and gilding, the furniture of tortoise-shell and Oriental lacquer, the crystal chandeliers, the pictures, especially the portrait hall of pretty women, constituted a display of the gorgeous which some of the Czar's summer banquet guests were disposed to criticize. The list of the sights of Peterhof is not exhausted by the above short catalogue. There are several parks, islands, streams, and gardens; there are, for instance, Peter's little home Marly, his familiar Monplaisir and its pictures, the small garden chateau, the Belvedere, with its broad steps and statues of marble and bronze, the "English" park, the palace, and pheasant house, and, to give another example, an extra Hermitage and its dining hall with a hundred pictures; and last, not least, a marvellous anticipation of a modern invention—a lift in the middle of the table for fresh dishes and dirty plates, which enabled the Czar and his company to guzzle *ad libitum* without the interference of servants.

The Strelna region, a few miles nearer the capital than Peterhof, and Krasnoe Selo, a town somewhat further south, tell the same palatial story, and you are then not far from Gatschina, where you find

another large imperial residence of Romanof proportions, flanked by colonnades, and holding six hundred rooms (who has counted them?), besides a theatre and many works of art, all environed by beauties of wood and water scenery.

You are then ten miles from Tsarkoe Selo (now known as the Russian Aldershot), where, again, is another park crowded with bridges, towers, grottoes, monuments, arches, marble gateways and subsidiary picturesque objects too good for the over-decorated and painted Rococo palace in which they stand. Within, the building is a treasury of pictures and sculpture. There are floors and walls inlaid with mother-of-pearl, amber, lapis-lazuli, and lacquer, and there is a bedchamber furnished with indescribable luxuries of glass and porcelain. But your travels are not yet ended: on the wooded heights commanding a little neighboring town is the park of Pavlovsky, a labyrinth of grand avenues, lakes, streamlets, rich flower beds, temples, towers, marble steps and statues. The relatively modern edifice may be of decadent style, but its columnar fascades and pillared arcades with marble adjuncts have an imposing air. As to the interior, the walls of the grand suites of rooms are hung with pictures, and judiciously decorated with antiques. There are choice collections of books, coins and cameos, the fine fleur of the porcelain of Sevres being represented by a noble set of cups and saucers and an unrivalled bedroom service.

At Pavlovsky, if tired of the artificial picturesque and the expensive magnificent, the visitor could find repose in pleasures of another strain. The park was, and still is, a Vauxhall, with a restaurant where, conformably to the enjoyable customs prevalent in every country of civilized Europe except our own, you can lounge, eat and drink in the open air of heaven. There was an outdoor pavilion for the orchestra, whose members were no scratch lot, but a band of finished artists. Over fifty years ago, as my good luck would have it, the illustrious Austrian, Johann Strauss II. (the composer, I need not say, of the "Schöne

blaue Donau" waltz), took an engagement for the Pavlovsky summer concerts. The piece might be the melancholy "Retour" waltz, of which I spoke in a previous page, or a movement of a symphony, or an overture by Mozart or Weber, masters recognized in those benighted days as great. The tempos taken, and the devices of instrumental expression employed, always showed that the baton was in a master's hand. The eatables of this suburban restaurant were of such artistic quality that you thought Vienna must be paramount in the kitchen as well as in the orchestra.

One afternoon, after a few appetizing nibbles at a pile of caviare of fine Astrakhan brand, I called for a plate of the inimitable national soup made from meat and beetroot, known as borsch, and then, helping myself to a quantum of ryabchik, the Eastern cousin of our grouse, departed from my daily non-alcoholic habits by trying a glass of vodka (Slav brandy), a popular drink with better claims to the name of liquor than our insular concoction of distilled potato-juice and squashed plums. When the band had given the overture to the "Magic Flute," and was complimented by cries of Bis, bis! from the audience, the suzerain, Herr Strauss, responded by a performance of that masterpiece of musical mystery, Weber's overture to the "Ruler of the Spirits," the weird second subject of which was rendered with an unusual degree of ghostly significance. The Russian railway net had in those days reached Moscow, and there was a suburban line to Tsarkoe Selo, which brought Pavlovsky within easy reach of the capital, so that there was always a good sprinkling of officers at the tables of the Vauxhall.

As listeners to the more classical items of the musical menu, the military made few signs of life, but tunics and helmets began to move and spurs to clank when a fanfare of trumpets announced the last number of the concert, the famous "Radetsky" march of the father of the chef d'orchestra. My boiling Italian sympathies, aroused by youthful travel in the Peninsula, and study, under maternal

guidance, of Dante and Petrarch, could not prevent my recognition of the realistic power of the music tacked to the name of the victor of Novara. A thing of melodious beauty, like Gluck's setting of the procession of the priests in "Alceste," or of the coronation in Meyerbeer's "Prophete," the Viennese military masterpiece was not; but when taken at what the Germans call the *Sturmarsch* pace, its tramping rhythm gave even the pacific listener shivers of the ardor of battle.

There followed a characteristic illustration of Russian politeness. In any other country a knot of officers seeing a foreign attache of their acquaintance at an entertainment of the Pavlovsky sort would have ignored his presence. On this occasion a captain to whom I was known stepped up and said, in a kindly Slav tone, that my return to St. Petersburg at that hour might be attended with difficulties. Would I accept a seat in his two-horse *kareta*, by which I should reach home more comfortably than by the usual double arrangement of *istvostchik* and railway? At this offer I could not fail to jump, and my very agreeable drive brought me, through my friend's talk, useful knowledge on points of recent army dislocation and impending movements in the south.

Interrupting my personal narrative with some necessary historical explanations, I may remark that Sir William

Molesworth's estimate of the sentiment of our "man in the street" toward Russians in the summer of 1853 was undoubtedly correct. English animosity to the Cossack was fanned by the popular belief that in Sir Charles Napier we had a second Nelson, to whom the destruction of Cronstadt, and the capture of the *flotte de la mer douce*, as the Russian Black Sea sailors chaffingly called their Baltic fleet, would be child's play, while *S-bastopol* would fall like Jericho after a few days' battering. The French, on the other hand, had by no means lost the feeling which made the townsfolk of the Channel regions, at any rate, shout into the ear of the visitor from "perfidious Albion" the familiar "Goddam, Vatterloo." The average *Boulevardier* had no jealousy of Russia in the Baltic, neither could he see why the Czar should not play his own game on the Bosphorus; and as to the quarrel about the Holy Places, was not that a trumpety difference "'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee"? The priesthood, however, and the clericals, who listened to the exhortations of Montalembert, maintained that France must not drop her old championship of the Latin right of undisturbed access to the sanctuaries of Palestine, and their agitation helped stimulate Napoleon's opposition to the Czar's new pretensions to a general protectorate of the Greek Church.

(To be Continued.)



## The Rembrandt Legend of Old Amsterdam.

By FERGUS CRANE.

**J**EALOUS in behalf of that contemporary judgment which seldom awakens to a recognition of those whose brow is destined to wear the chaplets of fame, we oftentimes lament that men whose souls and deeds win the lasting laurels of the after age do not share the triumph. Prone are we to say that fame were too late, too ungrateful, as she leisurely crowns her noble sons, when for long the ocean waves of time have washed their graves inviolate. But is not the very greatness which wins the tardy fame the source of strength to nerve and to console the man, while yet he lives, and to provide him recompense complete for the blindness of his compeers. Once the man has finished his "monumentum aere perennius," matters it much how soon the inevitable formal tribute is paid? And yet, such tributes have their use, even though they come long after fame has designated to whose memory they must be paid. And the use of these tributes, which neither accentuate nor belittle the fame of their object, is served in the revival of a closer knowledge of the personality and environment of the hero.

Such formal tribute will be paid next summer in the ancient capital of the Netherlands, when the house, in which Rembrandt loved and painted his Saskia, opposite the site of the present day statue of the painter in the Kaasplein, will be opened as a Rembrandt Museum—Amsterdam's method of commemorat-

ing the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Holland's great painter. A tardy tribute, indeed, to one whose fame has been secure without the aid of commemorative movements for so long. Fully fifty years since Herman Grimm the German biographer of Michael Angelo, voiced the then settled universal judgment of Paul Harmen's Rembrandt van Ryn, born a miller's son on a Leyden rampart overlooking the Rhine. To Rembrandt did Grimm allude as "a Netherland master, upon whom neither the Italian sky, nor the antique, nor Raphael, nor Michael Angelo exerted their unconscious influence; endowed with the same obstinate adherence to the nature of his country, with all-surpassing talent, with an immense sense of color, a colossal power of invention, and with an industry which appears truly inconceivable—and this was Rembrandt, to me the greatest painter which his age produced."

"Rembrandt, like Michael Angelo," the German scholar proceeds, despite his own devotion to his chosen Florentine, "created a world for himself. Whether he painted or etched, he transports us with our whole soul into that which he represents. His portraits are like sudden apparitions of people whom we watch, just as, unseen by night, we might look into a strange room through a window. He likes to heighten this charm by a striking light; but he does not need it. He paints a smiling child stretching out an apple to us, till we



could grasp it to take it from him. He etches Adam and Eve under the apple tree, he a naked, clownish peasant, she a cow girl; but we see them living before us, and hear in fancy their silly chatter. \* \* \* All his Biblical scenes are adorned often with horrible figures—with a Christ of fearful ugliness, but yet really so striking, so truly a copy of that which came into his mind that we never think of gainsaying it. \* \* \* There is nothing to elevate and mould the soul, to excite our noblest feelings, to calm our passions; but it contains that which art must possess for the Germanic mind—not merely truth, but reality; that which Shakespeare possesses, and all the poets whom we rank as our best."

To those who to disparage war would repeat that peace hath the greater triumphs, there is often an identity of peace and commerce, and to them fame is hardly kind, as in the low-lying queen city on the half-moon dyke of the Amstel River, she passes by the merchant princes, who drove the piles in the peat bog on the arm of the Zuyder Zee, and builded the trade mart with its more than twelve score bridges spanning its maze of canals, passes by the traders, who dealt with the East Indies and the mouth of the Hudson, and bestows the rank of first citizen upon the painter Rembrandt, who revered so slightly the great little men of his day. Lords of Amstel and Counts of Holland could never have dreamed that in the first decade of the twentieth century one summer would count pilgrims from over the sea with one mind and heart journeying to Amsterdam with no thought of her bankers or diamond-cutters, or East Indian merchants in their eagerness to do honor to the home of the painter, who nearly lost his local prestige, because in his "Call to Arms of Captain Cock's Army" he was so ruthless in his disregard of the vanity of the select archers as to place many of them in shadow, despite their hundred guildens each, and for the sake of a high light introduced a white chicken dependent from a child's belt.

Although Rembrandt studied at Leyden under Jacob van Swanenburch and under Pieter Lastman at Amsterdam, his great proficiency in technique and his deep knowledge of nature were acquired in direct study from models. His mother, Neelte Willemsdochter, was his first model, as he painted in his Leyden home near his father's mill on the Weddestag a little way from the Witteport gate. A portrait of his mother was the first painting exhibited by Rembrandt. Two years later, in 1630, he settled in Amsterdam, where in 1634 he married Saskia van Ulenburgh. For eight years Saskia was his model for the many paintings which have preserved her memory, while the master gathered about him many disciples. Under the patronage of Burgemeester Six, he worked lavishly and his art grew broader. His shadows, once hard and sharp in their blackness and detail, grew into brown of a golden hue, and of a luminous transparency. Arbitrary as was his color, he never hesitated to sacrifice forcible and harmonious alike for the sake of strong, high lights on a cheek or a linen collar with the rest submerged in shadow. In his thought slow, the master displayed his capacity for emotion and its comprehension. Purely native conceptions of considerable physique, his figures seldom lacked a wondrous combination of light and shade, which effected a poetical transformation of ugly humanity without robbing it of its incisive story. In landscape, less successful, there were still a harmony and a contrast in the relation of light and air to space and shadow.

His beloved Saskia died in 1642 and the life of the master grew complicated with trouble. Disorder in his affairs reached the full, when he contracted a second marriage in 1656. This alliance obliged him to pay over to his son his maternal heritage, and Rembrandt was declared a bankrupt. His collection of bric-a-brac, tapestries, arms, cameos and vases was sold at auction and he was compelled to leave the home, which soon will become known to the world as the Rembrandt Museum.

Gloomy in his remaining years, his soul was superior to his trials and his art suffered no tinge of bitterness or inequality from distraction. For thirteen years he lived in despondency, painting all the while as though his heart were light, in the humble house on Rosengracht, where a simple marble slab commemorates the place of his death. His only other personal tribute for years was a bronze tablet over his tomb in the Westerkeek.

Of the more than 550 works of Rembrandt, which are scattered through the museums of many cities and in the private galleries of collectors, a considerable number will be found in the Rembrandt Museum upon its opening, either as permanent possessions or as loans. The "Saul Listening to David Playing the Harp," which was exhibited recently in a New York gallery, was purchased and taken back to Holland, where it was placed in the Mauritshuis in The Hague. The portrait of a Polish nobleman and "The Sacrifice of Abraham" are in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, while two of Rembrandt's portraits of himself are to be found respectively in the Louvre and in Buckingham Palace. "Samson's Wedding" is in Dresden, and "The Blinding of Samson" is in the Schonborn at Vienna. Berlin possesses "Moses Destroying the Tables of the Law," and the "Family of Tobias" is in the Louvre. The famous group of "Doctor Nicholas Tulp" and his class in anatomy is at The Hague. The "Call to Arms of Captain Cock's Company," which brought Rembrandt into disfavor with the otherwise unknown archers, was taken two hundred years ago from the club house of the municipal guards and placed in the town house in a space between two doors. So short, proportionately, was the space that the painting was cut down at both ends to fit. An etching of the original in its completeness shows that the cutting down involved for posterity the loss of a drummer and two other figures.

To glorify that which is familiar has often been the mission of an artist

whose work has attained greatness. A proneness to seek bizarre subjects diverts many young students, who fail to realize that they may mistake the strange for the absorbing in interest and make a choice of subject, the execution of which will demand so much of their energy upon the technique that they are little likely to obtain great effect. Rembrandt with his mother and his sister as his first models began where the simplicity of familiarity would aid facility, and in the old city of Amsterdam he was enabled subsequently to get great variety of subject without departing from the familiar. Peasants and burghers, merchants from over the seas, gentlemen of Spain and France, petty dignitaries of the Rhine country, diplomats of noble rank from nearly every court in Europe, ecclesiastics Protestant and Ultramontane, soldiers of the Low Country wars and the picturesque driftwood of a port which afforded a haven to ships of every clime, combined to make the maritime commercial metropolis of Northern Europe almost the one spot upon the continent where a Rembrandt could abide and immortalize a cosmopolitan variety of familiar subjects with his brush. To collect the paintings, etchings and sepia drawings of the master would accomplish the gathering together of the many types of humanity which were to be seen in the public squares and along the canals of the city in her seventeenth century heyday. Such an assemblage of the works of Rembrandt would almost be a complete resurrection, although in fragments, of the memories of the Dutch capital, when her great son toiled and won increasing fame with declining prosperity and a steadily diminishing joy of living.

The sceptre of idealism exercises a quiet sway in busiest marts and silently ignores many a decade of purely commercial achievement for the sake of him who comes to create the legend of the town, its one surpassing contact with genius. And the life, the work, the soul of Rembrandt constitute the legend of old Amsterdam.

## The Editor's Miscellany.

**T**WO definitions of the editorial task were propounded recently to the editor. Both definitions were commonplace, but a complete avoidance of the commonplace brings often a charge of obliquity, which may or may not be undesirable. One of the definitions propounded was that of a man who distrusted the ability of an editorial page, unless the author of the page had spent his time and space in weaving a web of elevated, abstruse philosophizing at the expense of the patience, if not the wits, of his readers. The vanity of an editor and the confusion of his readers may scarcely be considered a desirable combination. The other definition was that an editor might be regarded as having attained his mission, provided he made a definite appeal in terms intelligible to that elusive creature, "the average reader." True, the maker of this definition was much too serious-minded, perhaps mentally too muscle-bound, to call "the average reader" an elusive creature. The question involved in the second definition is the value of the popular vogue, which comes to him who reaches and excites the interest of men who lack the love of leisure reading in an arm chair. It was Brahms, the composer, who declared that "immortality is a fine thing, if one only knew how long it would last." Current popularity may, of course, be called immortality, if instant controversy is desired, and the person who invites such an attack might defend himself by asserting with one British commentator upon the Brahms epigram that "the gods themselves, it seems, are doubtful of securing reserved seats in Valhalla forever." But the case of "the average reader" remains still in need of remedy. Many are the writers who have sought out "the aver-

age reader" and have undertaken to make him think less of the subject-matter of an essay, a story or a poem and more of the art, with which it is produced.

In an article entitled "To the Lamp Bearers" in the "Monthly Review" of London, Eden Philpotts writes: "If, for example, before tumbling through your next box of story books from the circulating library, you would take Aristotle out of his dark corner, shake him, dust him, open him and ponder the 'Poetics.' \* \* \* We who write your tales cannot meet you in a moment with better art. Expect no immediate masterpieces from us; look for no Greek grandeur, Latin beauty, Elizabethan humanity in the spring lists of 1906, because they will not be there; but develop a desire in yourself towards these things; survey your own contemptible requirements and cease to be content; observe that your abject taste in fiction redounds neither to your credit nor to the advancement of high art—nor any sort of art at all.

"Lastly, be short and sharp with those who guide you in this matter; explain to the critics that they, too, must seek their prototypes in the company of the bygone great and call for a loftier note and nobler ideals; that they must shake us from our slumber and blow Aristotle's trumpet in our ears; that they must put a period to the ceaseless, thin rattle of their unconsidered praise, and henceforth pay our mediocrity with the scorn of silence.

"And then—think of it! You are an 'average reader' no more; and they are 'average critics' no more; and we shall need swiftly to mend our ways, or follow our feeble stories, vulgar puppets, mean diction, sentimentality and nebulous thinking down into the dust of oblivion, where such offenses properly belong."

It may be doubted whether education can serve as a varnish where intellectual growth is lacking, and growth is essentially an internal process. Eden Philpotts, however, is enthusiastic in the belief that writers, of their own initiative, can educate "the average reader" and further contends that it is useless to appeal to his understanding until he is patiently notified that "real story-telling is toil for strong men and women, not a tawdry burlesque of life spun by mental weaklings to help him through a leisure hour, to assist his digestion after dinner or kill his time in the train." The problem of "the average reader," so far as it exists for the sociologically inclined in the world of literary tutorships, may be left to the sort of philosopher, who likes to pass a rainy day telling his audience what it is that he thinks about whenever he is thinking about nothing in particular.

In many efforts to educate literary taste, it is forgotten that keen, intelligent readers, who have slight tolerance for the dilettanteism of word painting and even less for sermonizing, are won in a moment by a story which throbs with the pulse of human life. The story may be beautifully told. If so, its value is immeasurably enhanced. But, beautifully told or no, such a story will claim successfully the attention, which may be sought in vain by an expert literary artificer, whose style approaches the faultless, but the reality of whose work crumbles with contact, even as a mummy becomes a handful of dust upon exposure to the air. When the late Henry Harland wrote "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," he took his reader for a visit of a fortnight or so to the neighborhood of an Italian brook, on either of whose banks dwelt a person. The man, the woman, the snuff box and also the cardinal had their share in the development of a delightful literary etching, whose interest held those who do not always demand the strenuous note of action in the recreation of their idler hours. But one perusal of this intellectual delicacy has sufficed for most of Mr. Harland's readers.

In strong contrast it may be contended safely that few are the well read men who have not promised themselves that sometime they will read at least once more "The Mystery of Marie Roget," while neither the French nor the English-speaking world has a monopoly of familiarity with the wonderful skill and adventures of Le Coq. The power of a detective story is evidenced in the great vogue of the none too well constructed and moderately told narratives of the deeds of Sherlock Holmes. That the highest art in story-telling is most certain of a chaplet of fame, when the story itself is of absorbing interest, need hardly be stated. How far afield many writers wander in their search for a plot is proved by the currency of such a maxim as "truth is stranger than fiction." Often is this maxim heard, when some story of tangled lives suddenly fills the front pages of newspapers and with its mystery rouses to speculation community after community until the solution becomes public or the mystery is superseded in the kaleidoscopic panorama of the ephemeral news of the day. When Poe made his own the story of the murder of Mary Cecilia Rogers, he merely chose to refine the gold at his feet rather than exhaust his energies in trying to convert half-hidden dross by some sort of alchemy. Just tribute to the detective story, however, is not only withheld but denied by many a critic of pretension. For instance, in the columns of the "Academy," of London, this paragraph recently appeared:

"The detective in literature is hardly more than fifty years old, but already he is passing into decay. He has enjoyed extraordinary popularity, and may even claim to be the only person equally beloved by statesmen and by errand boys. His old achievements enthrall as ever. But he makes no new conquests. So far as he survives at all, he has been compelled to curb his energies within the compass of the magazines, and instead of contending forces marshalled in regular order on the board, presents now the bare problem: 'White to play, and mate in three moves.'"

## In the Market Place.

**I**T is the popular superstition that the marketplace is the breeding ground of commonplaces and the refuge of platitudes. No idea could be more mistaken. Nowhere is imagination more original, more lurid and more fecund than in the realm of commerce and finance. Nowhere is it more necessary to success, nowhere is its reward greater or richer in surprises. This must not be taken to mean that those fields are entirely lacking in commonplaces. Indeed, the remarks about the wonderful prosperity of this country that have been filling the columns of financial publications are nothing if not commonplace. Yet the fact is that a condition of affairs long since recognized by the leaders in commerce and finance and their followers is really only beginning to be accepted as a conviction by the people at large. The question is, have they been convinced too late to benefit from the slowly acquired knowledge?

The existence of cycles in the affairs of commerce as well as elsewhere was recognized in the earliest historic times, and it is only the modern prophet, risen in Wall street, who asserts that the cumulative wisdom of centuries has been overthrown in our days. The public is being led to believe that present conditions will be permanent and present values stable, whereas day by day and month by month the country approaches more closely the reaction which must come.

The enthusiasts in the realm of trade and finance are already hard pressed for new phrases, new colorings with which to paint the wonderful prosperity, of which McKinley in 1896 was heralded

as the advance agent. It may be safely said for ten years we have been constantly increasing the output of our products of agriculture, of mining, and of manufacture, and expanding our credit until it is difficult to believe that this expansion can be carried very much further without disturbing the balance in economic conditions. Prosperity has reached a point where it can be easily imagined that its continuation would be more dangerous than a setback, for excessive wealth is not less fraught with evil than excessive poverty. Any excessive speculation in any quarter whatever at this time could so strain resources as to force a severe contraction in credits. Such contraction once begun is as difficult to halt as the expansion which preceded and is indeed the sharper in proportion.

\* \* \*

In the history of mining speculation the winter of 1905-6 will probably be referred to as witness of the most remarkable bull movement in copper stocks ever known. Based upon the gradual advance in the price of the metal to figures not even approached in the manipulated market of 1901—an advance quite justified by the demand and supply according to most eminent expert opinion—the speculation, it might almost be called craze, received its last stimulus from the unexpected discovery of bonanza ore of enormous value in most of the prominent mines on the Butte Mountain. It would be entirely in accord with the history of previous booms, based on a rise in the price of metal because of insufficient supply and excessive demand, if the same cause which served to carry prices of copper stocks to their highest point should



ultimately bring about a fall. Supply and demand resemble two buckets in the well—one always goes down, while the other comes up, meeting ever at the halfway point. Copper refiners and sellers profess in the public print to believe that there is nothing to fear from an oversupply in spite of the discovery of new rich ore bodies because of the alleged fact that the demand was nevertheless increasing faster than the supply. Their optimism is quite natural, but at this writing a slight recession in the price of the metal has been announced already, while the enormous trading in copper securities at more or less reactionary prices is well explained by the private admissions of prominent copper producers that they have sold their holdings in copper stocks.

\* \* \*

Foreign affairs have probably rarely been more serenely disregarded by the American market in proportion to their importance than during the past six months. The spasmodic outbreaks of serious revolutionary disturbances in Russia have each time been noted with curious interest and then promptly ignored. The downfall of the Conservative ministry in England has had as little effect as the overwhelming success in the elections by the Liberals a few weeks later. The Morocco affair, which came nearer involving two great nations in armed conflict than is generally appreciated, barely checked bullish enthusiasm for a day. Innumerable squabbles between one power or another and some minor foreign states have gone unnoticed. A severe strain on the money markets of the world which resulted in raising call money rates in this city to the unheard-of figure of 125 per cent. received as its only response a violent rise in prices. Under these circumstances it is hardly to be wondered at that predictions for a still greater advance from the present high level are received with serious approval by almost all the prominent financiers of the country.

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The high money rates which prevailed at the end of 1905 in all the great finan-

cial centers of the world would have been sufficiently impressive without the spectacular rise in call money rates in the New York market. There was a suspicion, very generally expressed, that the stock market bears were bidding up the money rates in order to force a decline in prices, but even so the fact that such a spectacle was possible is a damning commentary upon our methods. Jacob H. Schiff, head of a well-known banking house, took occasion to use the extraordinary occurrences in the money market as a text for a lecture on our antiquated currency system, to the inadequacy of which reference has been repeatedly made in these columns. Mr. Schiff's lecture was delivered before the Chamber of Commerce of New York and followed on the heels of a resolution condemning the abuses of life insurance management by high financiers. But even though the object of the speech may have been to bury an unwelcome criticism, the effect accomplished, perhaps unexpectedly, of calling the world's and the nation's attention to the necessity of currency reform, was gratifying. If only Mr. Schiff had gone a little further and exposed another very potent cause in the absurd squeeze in money rates.

Co-responsible with an inadequate currency system must be held the faulty banking ideal of New York City's most prominent financial institutions. The intense rivalry among the large banks for deposits is no doubt to a large extent at fault. New York banking institutions have been cursed for years with the aspiration of showing as big deposits as possible. Instead of looking to the stability of deposits held, banking officials have been trying to increase the totals held, so as to be able to advertise imposing sums of millions on deposit. In order to do this, they have offered inducements to large depositors in the way of interest on their balances. The cost thus assumed had to be earned, and if no other opportunity offered, the huge sums were put out on call. In the summer when demand for funds was light, millions were thus forced into the loan market at absurdly low rates—millions which

should have been used to build up a strong surplus reserve fund. Then when in the fall the West needed its money and began to withdraw it, the millions forced on almost unwilling borrowers in the summer and by them employed in stock market speculation, had to be called in to supply the Western demand. At the same time, the stock market had to be supplied, in order to prevent disastrous liquidation, and between the two causes reserves fell and rates rose. Had not the banks been under the necessity of paying interest, they could have accumulated reserves against the fall demand and the stringency in the money market could have been avoided at least in part.

\* \* \*

One of the positive causes, which sooner or later must have its effect upon the condition of trade and commerce, depending, as they do, so largely on the great business corporations, is the constant and continuing agitation against corporate greed and the political corruption it entails. If all corporations were honestly conducted, if they had refrained from seeking illegal profits through legislation or the prevention of legislation, if they were conducted with due regard for the rights of the people, then this agitation must have fallen to the ground long ago for lack of truth. Nor would great

corporations have then been forced to assume an attitude of hostility toward all proposed reforms. Nothing is surer to convict a corporation in the eyes of the nation than the efforts of the men who control it to prevent an examination into its affairs or the passage of laws intended to secure reforms. The attitude of H. H. Rogers on the witness stand in the matter of the State of Missouri vs. the Standard Oil Company has brought such universal condemnation that any one with eyes to see, ears to hear, and willingness to understand cannot afford to ignore the warning contained in this general and popular rebuke. And unless this rebuke is heeded, adverse effect upon the stock market cannot long be avoided. It is the opinion of the writer that illegal and immoral standards have so long prevailed in the management of corporations that nothing less than radical reform, accompanied by a drastic adjustment of stock market values to legitimate conditions, will more than temporarily appease the popular demand. The ruin of thousands by a violent and lasting contraction of inflated values were to be preferred to the continuation of payment of returns upon inflated capital, returns not earned by legitimate and moral methods under a true code of economical ethics.

EDWARD STUART.







DAVID DI MICHELANGIOLO—FIRENZE.